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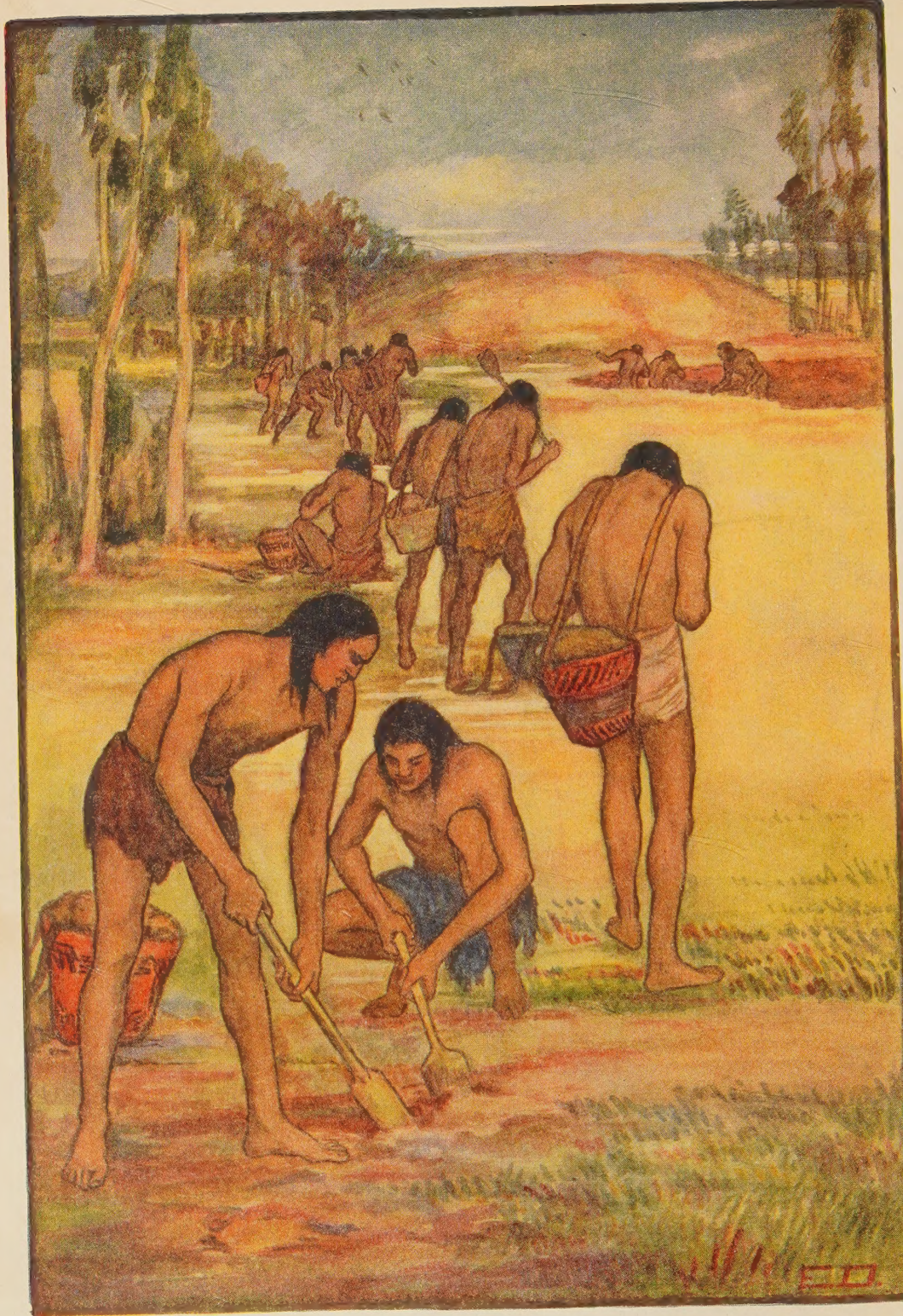




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# YOUNG PEOPLE'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

BY  
LUCY LOMBARDI BARBER



WAYNE, WERN  
STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE

PICTURES BY EDITH DUGGAN

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FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY  
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TO  
BARBIE, JAN-JAN, AND CIEL

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18257





## OUR COUNTRY

A little more than 400 years ago no white man had ever heard of this great land we call "our country," and yet it is the oldest land in all the world. For thousands upon thousands of years before the white men came to it, it had stretched broad between its two blue oceans; wild beasts and savages roamed over it at will. When the first white men came, there were many different kinds of country in this big land, just as there are now. Along the eastern ocean, nearest Europe, were thick forests dotted with lakes and rivers. To the west of these, beyond pine-covered mountains, lay the great valleys of the Mississippi and Missouri rivers, green with meadow grass. Beyond these valleys were high plains covered with herds of buffalo and wild horses, deer and moose and elk. From these plains rose the snow-capped Rocky Mountains, where mountain goat and grizzlies made their home. To the west the Rocky Mountains sloped down again into dry deserts where no rain came and very little grew. Beyond these deserts rose more mountains, the Sierras we call them, and these sloped down into the beautiful coast country lying along the edge of that western ocean no white man had yet looked upon or named.

## INDIANS OF THE EASTERN COAST AND GREAT LAKES

Before the white men came, all the people in this great country were "red men" with copper-colored skin and straight black hair. We call them "Indians." They were a strong brave people, quick of eye and ear, great hunters and great fighters. They were a kindly people, too, to those whom they loved and trusted, but to their enemies they were very cruel.

Different sorts of Indians lived in different parts of the country. The wisest and bravest were those who lived in the great forests of the eastern coast and about the Great Lakes. These sped swiftly over the water in canoes made of the bark of trees. They sometimes built huts of bark, but made no towns because they had to move about constantly in search of deer and fish. Their clothing was made of the skins of animals, their tents or wigwams were made of these skins, and their food was largely the flesh of animals and fish, though sometimes they planted corn or beans. They hunted with bows and arrows and sharp spears. They loved bright colors and decorated their clothes and wigwams with beads made of stones and with dyed porcupine quills and feathers. Before going into battle the warriors stained their bodies and faces red and yellow and green and put gay feathers in their hair.

Of course, these Indians did not know of God as we know of Him, but many of them believed that they were all the children of a Great Spirit who loved them and whom they tried to please.



INDIAN WARRIOR



INDIAN WARRIOR

## INDIANS OF THE PLAINS

The Indians who lived in the great valleys and plains had no need of canoes. There were few lakes or rivers in their country, and the animals they hunted were the swift buffalo and elk. They had to move quickly over hundreds of miles after their fleet-footed game, so they soon learned to train and ride the wild horses of the plains and did all their hunting on horseback. They dressed in skins as the Lake Indians did, and they too loved bright colors. They moved their villages often, following the elk and buffalo. When they were on the march, the women and children rode horses too; and the wigwams were folded and tied, with the baskets used for cooking, to two long poles which the old horses dragged. The littlest children rode upon these poles, sitting on the folded wigwams.

The Indians of the plains were not so wise or so kindly as the Coast Indians. They were more warlike and more cruel. They had less love of the Great Spirit, and more fear of the gods of the winds and of the sun and of the thunder, in whom they believed.

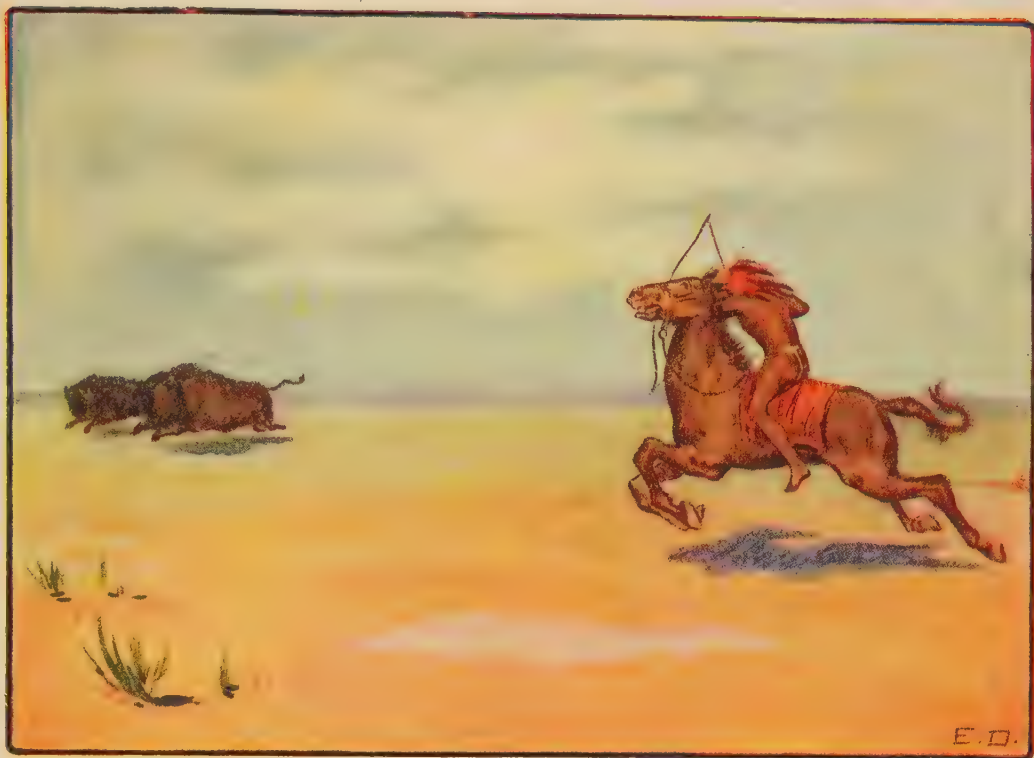
## INDIANS OF THE DESERT AND WEST COAST

In the deserts that lie beyond the Rocky Mountains there were Indians too, but these were smaller, browner people, not so brave and not so warlike, who found it rather hard to live in that land of little rain. Few plants would grow and few animals could live there. These Indians did not move about after game; their way was to find a spring of clear water, or a river, and to build a village there, because they needed water more than game. They made houses of mud bricks, one house placed on top of another, with ladders against the sides for climbing to the upper stories. The houses were called pueblos. In front of their houses these Indians would plant peas and beans and grains which served them as food. Their clothing was woven of the hair of goats. You see they were more civilized but not more brave than the Lake Indians. They believed in many gods, snake-gods, gods of the sun and of the rain, gods of war and peace.

The least noble of all the "red men," however, lived in that beautiful country that lies along the western ocean. We call these Indians "Digger Indians" because, rather than work at hunting or planting, they would dig into the earth for food, and lived upon wild roots. They made huts of bark and grass and hunted a little, fished a little, and rested a great deal.

Little more than four hundred years ago these Indians of the forests, the plains, the deserts, and the coasts were the only people that knew and used the country that we live in. It was their country. Then the white men came and took it from them bit by bit.









SHIP OF COLUMBUS' DAYS

## QUEEN ISABELLA LISTENS TO COLUMBUS—1492

The white men of those days lived in Europe, in such rich countries as England, France, and Spain. They built strong ships and sailed bravely about the seas they knew, but not the boldest sailor among them dared sail westward into that unknown ocean which we now call the Atlantic. The Sea of Darkness they called it, and told wild tales of whirlpools there and sea monsters and waves of boiling water. At that time men thought the earth was flat, as indeed it seemed to be, and were afraid lest they sail off its outer edge into some vast abyss. But a few wise men had guessed that the earth was round, and in Italy lived a boy who was to prove it so. His name was Christopher Columbus, and he grew up to be a sailor and maker of maps, and sailed through all the seas men knew of then.

Columbus heard of the wonderful far country in the East called India, to which men went by long journeys overland to bring back gold and jewels and rich silks and spices, and he remembered what he had heard about the earth being round. "If the earth is round," he said, "as I believe it is, why cannot I sail westward and ever westward, until at last I come by sea to that far rich land of the East?" From that time on his dream was to sail 'round the world. But men laughed at him and thought him mad with his dream of a round earth. He was poor and had no money to buy ships or to pay sailors. One day as, in despair, he was traveling through Spain, he met a kind priest who listened to his plan. This priest took him to rich men who brought him before Queen Isabella of Spain. She looked at his maps and plans and listened to his words until she too began to believe in a round earth. "I will give my jewels," she cried, "so that you may buy ships and prove this thing."

## COLUMBUS DISCOVERS AMERICA—1492

So Columbus bought three small ships, the *Nina*, the *Pinta*, and the *Santa Maria*, and with 120 frightened sailors on board, many of them crying with fear as they sailed away, he set bravely forth into the Sea of Darkness.

Two months they sailed. The sailors grew more frightened and angry; they wanted to throw Columbus overboard and return to Spain. But at last, one clear night, they sighted land and could not sleep for joy. The next morning they went ashore upon a beautiful green island. The red-skinned natives came crowding down to meet them, filled with wonder at the white faces of the Spaniards. Columbus, dressed in his finest clothes of scarlet velvet, stepped ashore. He first knelt and thanked God, then raised the flag of Spain and took the new land in Queen Isabella's name. The red men thought him a god and knelt before him. They thought his sailing ships were giant canoes with wings, that had flown down from heaven.

Columbus was perfectly sure that he had found India, so he named the islands the West Indies, and called the red men Indians. But what he really found were the islands lying south of the United States. We call the largest one of them Cuba. It was not until some years later that he sailed to the mainland of the great American continent













## PONCE DE LEON NAMES FLORIDA—1513

After Columbus had proved that the world was round, many gallant Spaniards, gentlemen adventurers, sailed out across the Sea of Darkness, for they no longer were afraid. They went to seek gold in these new Indies and sailed north and south of the islands where Columbus landed. All the country that they discovered they took in the name of the King of Spain. With them sailed an Italian, Americus Vesputius, for whom the great new world was named America.

The Spanish sailors built small forts and towns in the newly discovered country and many white men came to live in them. Ponce de Leon, a brave Spaniard, was among them. He had come out with Columbus on his second voyage. When Ponce de Leon was growing old and gray, he was told that northward there lay an island on which was a magic fountain and that whosoever drank of the water of that fountain would be forever young. Ponce de Leon wanted very much to be young and strong again, and there were many who wished as he did to discover the fountain. With many men he sailed north and on Easter Sunday they came to a flowery land which they named Florida, the land of Easter. They rushed eagerly ashore, shouting through the forests. They drank of every spring, they bathed in every stream, but they found no magic water to make them young and so sailed home again. Eight years passed, and Ponce de Leon, grown more old and gray, set out once more to look for the wonderful fountain. He sailed again to Florida, but, instead of youth, he found death. Fierce Indians attacked him and his sailors. Ponce de Leon was wounded by a poisoned arrow and died.

He had taken Florida in the name of the King of Spain and it remained a Spanish country for hundreds of years.

## BALBOA DISCOVERS THE PACIFIC—1513

One of the bravest and kindest of the Spanish adventurers was Vasco de Balboa. When he was a penniless young man, eager to see the world, he hid himself in a barrel on board a Spanish ship just sailing from Spain. The ship took him very near that part of the world where the Panama Canal is now. The country was called Darien. The men who landed from the ship built a town upon the shore and Balboa was so wise and clever that he soon became their leader. He married the daughter of an Indian chief and treated the Indians kindly so that they became his friends. As a sign of friendship, they gave the Spaniards their gold ear-rings and bracelets. When the Indian chief saw how delighted the Spaniards were with the gold, he laughed and said, "Why don't you go over the mountains there until you come to the great sea of the South? Its shores are lined with gold." So a little later Balboa and his comrades did go over the mountains, though it was a long hard journey, with hostile Indians all along the way. And at last, one clear morning in September, as they stood upon a peak in Darien, their startled eyes looked down upon that waste of waters which men learned afterwards was the greatest ocean of the world. They were the first white men to see the Pacific Ocean from American shores.

But Balboa did not know it was a great ocean. He thought it only a large sea. He believed, as Columbus and all the men of his time believed, that this new world was all a part of India and that there was only one great ocean, the Atlantic, which he had crossed from Spain. He was only sorry that the shores of this new sea were not, after all, lined with gold.





EARLY SPANISH EXPLORER





## DE SOTO FINDS THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER—1542

The largest river in our country, and one of the largest in the world, is the Mississippi. The first white man to reach this river was a Spanish cavalier named De Soto. He had traveled much through South America where he had found wonderful old cities built by the brown men of that part of the world and rich in gold and precious stones. Word came to him of a great Indian city in North America piled high with gold, and though he was already rich De Soto risked all he had to find this golden city of a dream. He gathered together six hundred men eager to search for it. For a year they prepared for their journey, then, magnificent "in cassocks and doublets of silk, pinkt and embroidered," with three hundred horses, hundreds of swine, bloodhounds, and much food, they sailed to Florida, that flowery land where Ponce de Leon had searched for the fountain of youth. There they left their ship and plunged into the dark and tangled forests, going toward the west. But though they were bold they were not wise or kind. They treated the Indians most cruelly, burning their villages, and chaining the captured men and women two by two with heavy bands of iron about their necks. The Indians, who had known nothing of white men, learned to fear and hate them. Great bands of Indians fought them all along the way and many of the Spaniards were killed. To be rid of them the Indians would tell them tales of gold in the Far West so that the Spaniards plunged on eagerly into the forests looking for the wonderful city that had never been. One of the most powerful of the Indian queens, hearing of their coming and knowing nothing of their cruelty, sailed with her people down a river to meet them. She was beautifully arrayed in a long robe of bird feathers, with chains of river pearls about her neck. When the Spaniards saw her their eyes glittered. "Here are pearls worth a fortune," they cried; "the golden city must be near." The gentle-hearted queen took from her neck the pearls and throwing them over De Soto's head, bade him welcome. She gave him mantles of feathers and of thread made of bark. But, nevertheless, De Soto took her prisoner and made her follow him on the march. It is pleasant to know that later she escaped, taking her pearls with her. Months passed. The Spaniards' horses died, their food grew less, skins and woven mats took the place of their embroidered clothes. At last they came to a mighty river; Mississippi, the Indians called it, meaning "Great River." The white men made rafts to cross the water. But now De Soto became very ill of a fever and died. The men who had come with De Soto did not want the Indians to know that their great leader was dead, for De Soto had told the Indians he was a child of the Sun and could not die. Therefore, very quietly at night they carried his body out on a raft to the middle of the great river and let it sink beneath the water. After De Soto's death his men searched no longer for the city piled with gold, but made new rafts and floated down the Mississippi until, weary and spent, they reached open water and a Spanish town on the coast. They had traveled five years in search of their dream city and more than half their number had perished.



SPANISH SOLDIER.





EXPLORER IN CANOE

## JOHN CABOT FINDS NEW LAND FOR ENGLAND—1497

So many men from Spain swarmed out into the New World after Columbus discovered it, and so much of the new land was taken in their king's name, that Spain became the richest kingdom in all the world. Now the King of the English loved riches too. He grew jealous of the wealth of Spain and wanted some of this new country for his own. Therefore, four years after Columbus' first voyage, an Italian sailor, John Cabot, was sent out by the English king to sail "to the east or west or north to discover all the islands and countries in whatever part of the world." In a tiny ship, with only 18 men, John Cabot sailed to the north and discovered what he thought was China, but what was really Labrador and Newfoundland. Later, he sailed not quite so far north and skirted along the coast of that part of our country we now call New England. All this wild land he took in the King of England's name and thus gave England her first claim to a share in the New World. The English king was delighted and praised Cabot loudly, though he gave him only \$100 for his trouble. However, Cabot went gaily about dressed in silks and we are told that because of his wonderful voyage "the English ran after him like madmen."

## FRANCIS DRAKE SAILS ROUND THE WORLD—1577

The very first man to sail around the world was a brave and wise man of Portugal, named Magellan. "If the world is round," he said, "I will try to find a way by water so that I can sail my ships from Spain to the New World and then to Spain again without once turning back." After many months of trying, he did find a way and sailed around the end of South America into the Western ocean. It looked so blue and peaceful after the stormy passage he had had, that he named it the Pacific. The voyage was long across its vast waters. Months and months passed. The sailors grew sick and weary; their food gave out; their water was bad. At last, they reached the Philippine Islands where they stopped to rest. But after a little the savages of the islands killed Magellan and many of his men. Those who escaped sailed sadly on to Spain.

Fifty years passed before any other man was brave enough to risk that terrible voyage. Then Francis Drake, a bold and handsome Englishman who loved to burn and harry the ships of Spain, sailed around the world and home again on his ship *The Golden Hynde*. He sailed up the west coast of America, burning Spanish towns there and taking Spanish ships, and then stopped on the shores of what we now call California. No white man had touched those shores before. He raised the flag of England and took the fair land in Queen Elizabeth's name, calling it New Albion. There he cleaned his ship from stem to stern and set sail across the Pacific. His voyage was almost three years long. Queen Elizabeth was so delighted with the success of this brave Englishman that she herself attended a great banquet on the deck of the *Golden Hynde*, and there made Francis Drake a knight.







QUEEN ELIZABETH



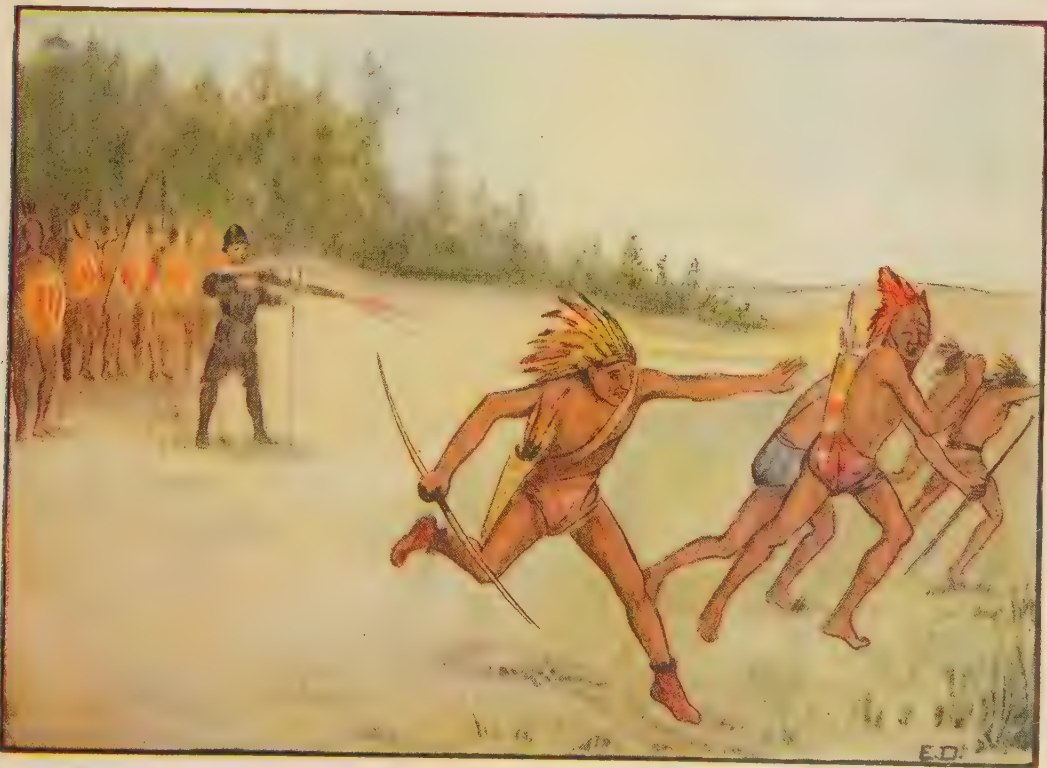
## JACQUES CARTIER DISCOVERS THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER—1535

While men of Spain and England were sailing to the New World to claim it for their own, the men of France were not idle. They sailed north and west of where John Cabot had sailed. They discovered new lands and rivers, called them New France, and claimed them for their king. Brave Jacques Cartier, a Frenchman, was the first to discover the St. Lawrence River. He thought the land about it rocky and dismal indeed, but nevertheless told his sailors to make a cross of cedar wood and set it in the earth there to mark the land as a part of New France. While this work was being done, many curious Indians came stealing up to watch the strange white men. Cartier gave them beads and bright cloth, and they gave him huge bundles of soft furs, skins of lynx and fox and beaver they had killed in hunting. Cartier heaped his ship with furs and took home a rich cargo. Beside the furs, he took two frightened little Indian boys whom he had stolen away. Their eyes grew wide with wonder when they saw the white men's cities of old France. The next year Cartier sailed again to the St. Lawrence and took the little Indian boys back to their homes. We call the country that Jacques Cartier discovered, Canada.

## CHAMPLAIN DISCOVERS THE GREAT LAKES—1615

The greatest of all the Frenchmen who discovered and built up New France was Samuel de Champlain, a soldier and a friend of kings. He was a great, strong, handsome man, with a gentle heart that "delighted marvelously in these enterprises." He loved God, too, and was most anxious that the Indians should love Him, so that men said he traveled with a sword in one hand and a crucifix in the other. Long after Jacques Cartier's day, he too sailed up the St. Lawrence. He planted the colony of Quebec near that Indian village from which Cartier had stolen the Indian boys. New France was the home of the Algonquin Indians, who were forever at war with the Iroquois Indians, living farther south. Champlain and his soldiers, with their light armor, swords and guns, were a great marvel to the Algonquins, so they begged Champlain to join them and fight with them against the Iroquois, who would fear him greatly. And Champlain did so, for he knew he could travel far more easily through this wilderness, and govern it more easily, if these Indians were his friends. The war-parties traveled hundreds of miles in great canoes and Champlain went with them. The Iroquois had never seen white men. When they saw Champlain coming forward with their enemies they stopped, astonished. When he fired upon them, they turned and ran, and the Algonquins, rejoicing, killed and captured many. But, though he did not know it, Champlain thus started a most bitter and bloody war, which lasted a hundred years. The Iroquois, a fierce and powerful people, never forgave the French for aiding the Algonquins. They remained the bitterest enemies of France in the New World, and later gladly helped the English drive the French from Canada.

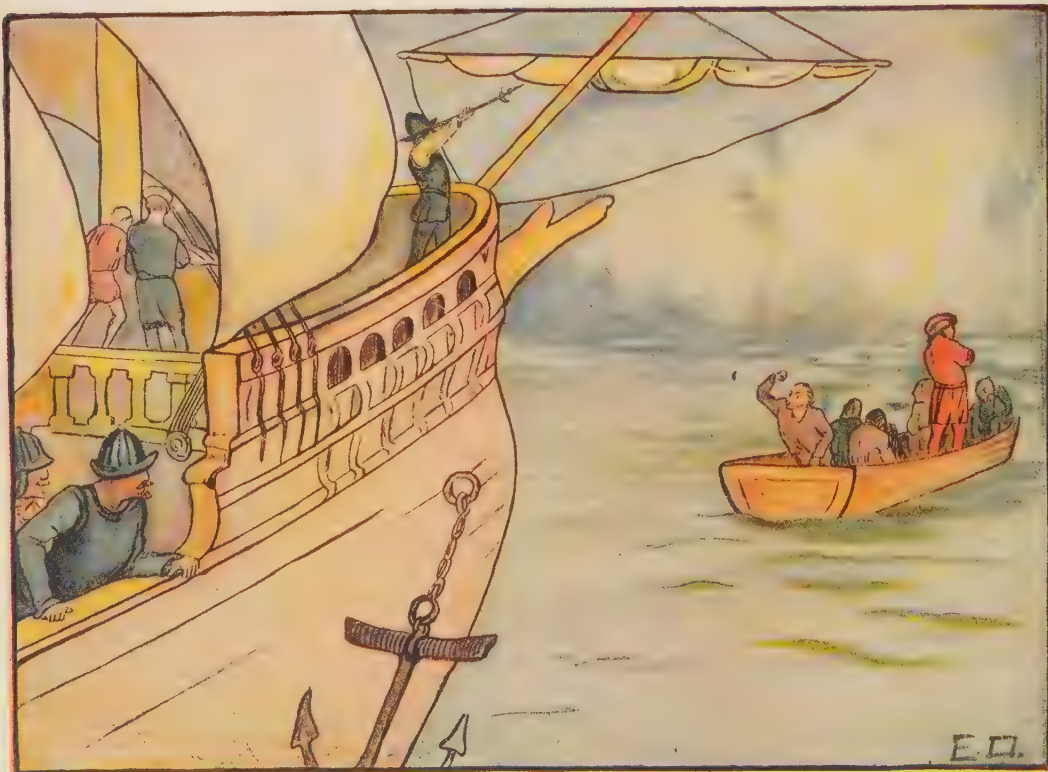
While on the war parties of the Algonquins, Champlain discovered Lake Champlain, the Adirondacks, and some of the Great Lakes, which he took for France.











## LA SALLE PADDLES DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI—1681

Champlain had brought priests to New France, who, "inflamed with charity," entered the unknown forests to teach the Indians the ways of Christ. One of these, Père Marquette, went through the Great Lakes, and, entering the Mississippi, paddled down it hundreds of miles. He did not know of De Soto's discovery of that wide river. He brought back such tales of its wonders that a young Frenchman, bolder, firmer, more untiring than any other of his time, set out to follow the Mississippi to its mouth and take the land about it for France. His name was Cavelier de La Salle. He tried for three years without success; his ships were wrecked, his men deserted him, his food and money failed. At one time he had to walk back, almost alone, one thousand miles, through the wilderness, to collect another set of ships and men for the journey. But the third year, his great fleet of canoes floated safely down the yellow river to the Gulf of Mexico, and he returned to France triumphant. He named the new land Louisiana. The next year his bad luck returned. He sailed from France with ships full of settlers to found a town at the mouth of the Mississippi. The captain sailed four hundred miles too far, and the ships were wrecked upon the coasts of Texas. La Salle and his men were stranded there, without hope of escape. For two years they wandered wearily over the plains. La Salle, though brave and honest, was a harsh and haughty man. The more worthless of his men grew to hate him, and, at last, just as he had decided to lead them on foot to Canada, they shot him dead from ambush. He was but forty-two when he died. Through him, France gained possession of the great central plains of North America.

## HENRY HUDSON DISCOVERS THE HUDSON RIVER—1609

Spain, France, and England now claimed parts of the big new world, but Spain was exceedingly greedy, and refused to let men from other nations enter her part of America or trade there. At this time the Dutch were at war with Spain, and wished to anger her as much as possible. They, therefore, engaged a young Englishman, one Henry Hudson, to find a way to the rich east for them. Henry Hudson was a master seaman, very honest, and very gentle. He had one great desire, to find a short way to China by the north seas. The Dutch gave him a small ship, *The Half-Moon*, and twenty-four men. He sailed toward the north, but many of his men were villainous and cowardly; fearing the dangers of the North, they forced him to sail west. He reached a beautiful bay, and sailed up a broad blue river, hoping it would lead to the Pacific Ocean. Great crowds of Indians came down to the river banks, to stare at the strange ship and shout excited welcomes. They sold beautiful furs to the sailors in return for glass beads and ribbons. Hudson was bitterly disappointed when he found the river did not reach the Pacific. He named it Hudson River, and took it for the Dutch. Later the Dutch founded a settlement at the mouth of the river, where New York is to-day. They called it New Amsterdam.

A year or so later Hudson sailed again, with many of the same wicked crew. He was a good man and would not think evil of them. This time they sailed to the North seas, and discovered great, dreary Hudson Bay. After a hard, cruel winter there, during which the villains grew more evil through their sufferings, his men turned against Hudson. Just as he was setting sail for England, they bound him and his young son, John, and threw them, with seven sick sailors, into a small open boat out on that icy sea. Then they jeeringly sailed away. Nothing more was ever heard of valiant Henry Hudson. Perhaps, still hoping to find an opening through the frozen seas to China, he turned his small boat northward with a steady hand and "sailed ahead and left the rest to God."



SIR WALTER RALEIGH







## SIR WALTER RALEIGH SMOKES AND PLANTS COLONIES—1585

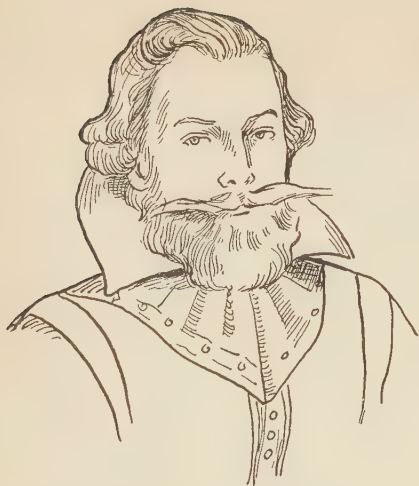
The great discoveries had been made and men had grown used to them before the first English town was built in America. The English, like the Dutch, were bitterly at war with Spain, when an Englishman, Walter Raleigh, thought of a plan for sending hundreds of English to live in America to rival the strength of Spain there. Raleigh was wise and witty, brave and gay, a great friend of the Queen Elizabeth. She had first noticed him when he, a young soldier, had spread his velvet cloak before her over a mud puddle, so that she need not soil her slippers. He was one of the first Englishmen to learn to smoke tobacco, an art which the white men learned from the Indians. The story goes that as he was puffing away one day, his servant entered, and, thinking his master on fire, hastily threw a mug of beer over him to put him out.

This gay Sir Walter sent out two ships to find a proper place in America for starting an English village. The sailors came back, full of praise for the beautiful country around Chesapeake Bay. Elizabeth named the new land Virginia, and every one hoped it would glitter with silver and gold. But the first two companies of settlers there were starved out and driven away by the angry Indians. The third party landed on Roanoke Island, and there the first English child born in America, little Virginia Dare, came into the world. But these colonists were left four years without help from England, for all the English ships were busied at that time in a mighty war with Spain. When England had won the war and remembered to send food to the little village of Roanoke, there was no village left, nor any living thing. No one ever knew what became of little Virginia Dare and her people. Probably they were killed or captured by the Indians and so perished.

## THE FOUNDING OF JAMESTOWN—1607

Many years after the death of little Virginia Dare the first successful English town in America was started, on the James River in Virginia. In the ship that brought the colonists to Jamestown was a most remarkable man, John Smith by name, one who was said to have a prince's heart in a beggar's purse. Though he was only twenty-nine, he had already been a soldier with the Dutch and a soldier in Hungary, a prisoner among pirates, a slave in Turkey, and a traveler everywhere. John Smith was wise and bold and managed the Indians cleverly. Jamestown was poor and weak at first; many men died of fever and many of starving. While they were in this state, Smith went up the river to explore, and was captured by Indians. He delighted them at first by showing them his compass under glass. They had never seen glass and thought it magic. Nevertheless they decided to kill him, and he had just sadly laid his head down upon a large stone so that they might hammer it with tomahawks, when the chief's little daughter, a child of thirteen, named Pocahontas, threw herself upon him and begged for his life. The chief, Powhatan, pardoned him at once and even adopted him as his own son.

After this Smith obtained much corn from the Indians, and this corn saved the lives of the starving English. Pocahontas was always a great friend of the colonists. She came often to Jamestown, bringing food, and twice after this she saved the life of John Smith from her treacherous father. Years later she married an Englishman, John Rolfe, and went to England, where they treated her as a great princess; "the beautiful savage," they called her. She died there, homesick for her own country.



CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH



POCAHONTAS



## FIRST NEGRO SLAVES IN NORTH AMERICA—1620

The first man in Virginia to plant his fields with Indian tobacco was John Rolfe, the husband of Pocahontas. He sold his tobacco in England for a high price. The English were learning to smoke and liked it. When the other colonists saw that tobacco brought gold they planted tobacco too. But work in the tobacco fields was hard work and hot work. Therefore, when a few years later twenty negroes from Africa were brought by a Dutch ship to Jamestown to be sold as slaves, the colonists bought them gladly and put them to work in the tobacco fields, for negroes work very well under a hot sun and are not made ill by it. For the next two hundred years English ships brought great numbers of negroes from Africa and sold them as slaves to the colonists. In the Carolina colonies, where rice and indigo were raised, there were soon far more negroes than white men, for only negroes could work in the hot, wet fields, which were no more wet or hot than their African homes had been.

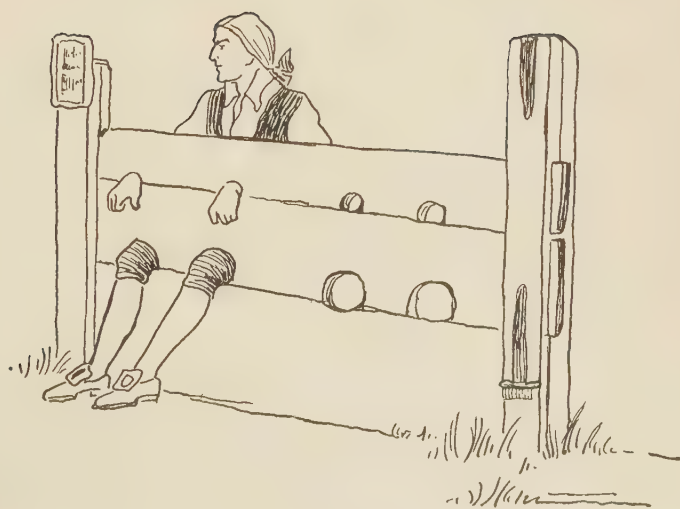
Now the men of that time thought there was nothing wrong in buying or selling black or yellow men, just as we buy and sell meat and potatoes. The first Englishman to catch black men in Africa and sell them to white men in America was Sir John Hawkins, a very honorable man, and a brave sea-captain. He was proud of selling slaves and thought it a noble calling, and yet he was a kindly, honest man who loved God and made his sailors love Him. These were the rules posted in his many ships: "Serve God daily; love one another; preserve your victuals; beware of fire; and keep good company." It seems strange to us that these same ships should have been filled with wretched, homesick negroes, stolen away from their jungle homes to be sold into slavery. Yet when Captain John Hawkins was made a knight by the English king because of the splendid fights he had won for England, he chose for his coat of arms the figure of a negro slave with chains upon his hands and feet, and nobody thought it a strange choice.

The people of the Southern States bought slaves for two hundred and forty years. All the hard work of the South was done by these negroes. The people of the Northern States bought slaves too at first, but the negroes were not needed in the North; there were no hot, wet fields there in which only negroes could work. Therefore, before George Washington's time, the people of the North had set their negroes free or had sold them to people in the South.









STOCKS

## CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH MAKES THE COLONISTS WORK—1609

At first there was much work to be done in Jamestown, but few who were willing to do it. Most of the English colonists had expected to grow rich easily, but when they found no gold or other precious thing in Virginia they grew angry and sulked. When Captain John Smith became head of the little colony, he gathered the men together and said firmly, "Now remember this. Those of you who do not work shall not eat. And remember too that you shall not swear and grumble as you work. For every oath you swear, a can of water shall be poured down your sleeves till you shall stop your swearing." After this the colonists worked right merrily. Twenty new houses were built, a deep well of sweet water dug, much land plowed.

But one unfortunate day, as Captain Smith was coming down the river with a boatload of gunpowder, the powder exploded, and, though he jumped quickly into the water, he was so badly burned that he had to return to England. This was a woful loss to the young colony. In the winter that followed there was little food and no work. By spring there were but sixty colonists where five hundred had been; all the others had died. Help was sent to these sixty in June, from England, just in time to save them. After that the English in Virginia prospered, new colonists were sent over, great farms of tobacco and corn and potatoes were started. Virginia was saved.

## THE BEGINNING OF NEW ENGLAND—1620

Captain John Smith, two years after leaving Jamestown, sailed all along the shores of New England, which he named. He made a wonderful map of it, though he said that he was not foolish enough to think that any one would ever choose to live in such a dreary place except for the purpose of making money. But he was mistaken, for the first English people who built homes there came because they wished to pray to God in their own way without being punished and interfered with by the English king. They had no thought of making money. One hundred of these brave people, who were called Pilgrims, sailed from England in a tiny ship called the *Mayflower*. Heavy storms tossed them about on the sea for two long months and drove them farther north than they had planned to go. They sailed from Plymouth, England, and they landed at a place which John Smith, years before, had named Plymouth, New England. It was a "stern and rockbound coast" and, in the first cold winter, almost half of the Pilgrims died. Those who were left buried their dead upon a hill, and leveled their graves and sowed the hill with wheat, so that the Indians might not see the graves and know how few white men were left to guard the settlement.

But, in truth, there were not many Indians in that part of the country. A few years before, thousands of Indians along that coast had died of a certain sickness, and the rest, thinking an evil spirit dwelt there, had fled away. So the Pilgrims were not attacked and slaughtered by the red men, as the first Virginia colonists had been. In the spring, they were astonished to see an Indian come marching into their little town shouting, "Welcome, Englishmen." His name was Samoset, and he had learned a little English from fur traders. He proved a great friend. Through him the Pilgrims made a treaty with the chief of the Indians nearest them, Massasoit, and were not troubled by Indian wars for many years thereafter.













## THE FOUNDING OF THE FIRST AMERICAN COLLEGE—1636

Ten years after the first Pilgrims came to New England, other English people who wished to worship God in their own way settled Salem and Boston. These were called Puritans because they wished to "purify" the Church of England. Like the Pilgrims they came to America to find a new home, not to find gold as the Spanish came, or other riches such as the first Virginians craved. They worked hard and were a serious and earnest people who thought music, dancing, and theaters were grievous sins. The wisest of them were afraid that in the wild new country to which they had come, "these ends of the earth," as they called it, where the fear of Indians and of starvation kept each man and woman busy, day and night, there would be too little time given to learning. So, only six years after they had reached their new home, all the people promised to give as much as each could give toward building a college. The next year a gentle young clergyman, who loved his new home, died in Boston and left his fortune and his books to the new college. His name was John Harvard. The new college was named for him. It was very small at first. Some of the gifts the Puritans gave to it were quaint and curious. One gave a number of sheep, one gave a fruit dish, another a silver-tip jug, another a pewter flagon. The people were poor, but each gave what he could, and the college grew and flourished.

The examinations for entering the college were quite different from those of to-day. Each boy who wished to enter had to write, read and speak Latin as easily as English. All the questions were asked and answered in Latin. All the papers were written in Latin. Life there was not easy. There was but one fireplace for the whole college, and the pupils studied at night in one great room by the light of the public candle. Yet the New England boys were eager to go, and the classes grew larger each year.

## KING PHILIP'S WAR—1675

Most of the English settlers in New England treated the Indians as friends. They taught English to many, they tried to teach the ways of Christ to many more. And so, as long as the great chief Massasoit lived, with whom the Pilgrims had sworn friendship, there was no Indian war. After his death, his son Philip became chief. By this time thousands of English people had come to New England and had built towns far north and far south of Plymouth. The Indians felt that the white men were their masters; they saw their land being taken from them, their deer and game being killed and driven away. They were filled with a great hatred and fear of the white men, and King Philip thought the time had come for the Indians to drive the white men away forever. So just fifty years after the landing of the Pilgrims, King Philip's dreadful war began. He joined together all the Indians of New England. Great bands of them crept, by night, to the little villages on the edge of the forests, then with frightful warwhoops dashed in upon the sleeping people, killed men, women, and children, burned their homes and carried many away, to torture them or burn them alive in the depths of the forest. It was a hideous time for the poor colonists. Hundreds were killed, dozens of towns were destroyed. But the men of the colonies marched in turn against the Indians. In a few years the white men with their guns had killed so many thousands of the red men that King Philip's followers begged him to ask for peace. Now King Philip was a very clever Indian, but a very proud one too. When one brave came too near, begging him to surrender, Philip raised his tomahawk and struck the man dead. This act caused Philip's ruin. The angry brother of the dead man told the colonists where Philip was hiding, he was surrounded and killed. This great war, instead of driving out the white men, ended the power of the Indians in New England forever.



COSTUMES DURING COLONIAL TIMES







## THE SALEM WITCHES—1692

The towns of New England had little peace even after King Philip's war ended, for the French in Canada watched their growth and success angrily. They did not wish England to get so large a share of America. Therefore they sent French soldiers to attack the New England towns nearest Canada, and they did a cruel and wicked thing beside. They urged the Indians of Canada to attack these towns and to kill and burn.

It was an anxious time for the Pilgrims and Puritans. They feared the Indians, they feared the French; and in a strange new way they began at that time to fear each other. In those days, more than two hundred years ago, even the wisest men and women believed things to be true which we know to-day are quite untrue and silly. Wise and earnest though they were, yet they believed in witches and devils and magic, and made themselves most unhappy from fear of these things. Now it happened that six young girls of the Salem colony listened too long to stories of magic that an old Indian servant told them and began to fancy that they had been bewitched by certain people in Salem. They screamed and tore their hair and shrieked that they were being tortured and called aloud the names of those who had bewitched them. The people of Salem, young and old, were filled with terror. Each thought the other a witch, or possessed of a devil. They could not think clearly, and in their terror they took before their judges the men and women whom the girls accused of witchcraft, and these learned and stern men hanged as witches nineteen of these innocent women and men, who had done no wrong. Then suddenly the terror left the people of Salem, they saw they had done a foolish and a wicked thing and they were bitterly sorry. After that there was no more talk of witches among them.

## MOTHER GOOSE—1715

Most of the books that people read in early New England, and most of the books they wrote, were very serious religious books about church matters, for they were a serious people. But a gay little book that all of us know by heart and love before we can read at all, was written in Boston Town in that long-ago time, the book of Mother Goose. A very large family named Goose came to Boston from England and one of them was the kindly old lady who made up those comical rhymes about Handy Spandy, little Jack Horner, and so many others. But she had no idea of writing a book. She had a tiny grandson whom she trotted on her knee, and it was only to amuse this little Boston baby that she sang her funny songs. But she sang them so much, and so loudly and clearly, that the baby's father, in his printer's workroom close by, heard them. The baby, of course, was very much pleased with Mother Goose's songs, just as we are to-day, and his father liked them too, so he printed them all in a queer little book with very curious pictures. This is the way that Mother Goose, quite without knowing it, wrote one of the most famous and well-beloved books that the world has ever known.



PURITAN



HUNTER



## KING CHARLES GIVES MARYLAND TO LORD BALTIMORE—1632

Between the English in Virginia and the English in New England lay a great stretch of beautiful country. The Potomac and the Hudson River bordered it. A large part of this beautiful country, near the Potomac River, was given by King Charles I of England to a gallant and noble gentleman, named Lord Baltimore. Lord Baltimore was a Catholic and planned to found a home in the New World for all Catholics who wished to leave England, where they were badly treated. The King gave him this wonderful gift of thousands of acres of land to be wholly his, so that Lord Baltimore and his sons became more nearly kings over their land in America than any other men have been in this land of the free. They had only to send two Indian arrows to the King each year in sign of homage. Fortunately they were wise men who ruled well. They named their country Maryland in honor of the Queen and welcomed all kinds of people to their colony; they permitted each person to worship God exactly as he pleased, a thing no other colony was willing to permit in those days, and Maryland grew quickly. The first shipload of Maryland colonists sailed up the Potomac River. Indians, eager to welcome the strange palefaces, rushed down to the water's edge and waved a welcome. They sold to the colonists, in return for beads and hatchets, an Indian village of bark houses, in which the colonists lived during their first winter. The squaws taught the English women how to make corn bread and hominy, and how to roast oysters in their shells. The people of Maryland lived at peace with the red men always.

## THE DUTCH GIVE UP NEW AMSTERDAM—1664

As time passed and the colonies grew larger and richer, each nation in Europe grew more greedy of its share of the New World. Each shouted to the other "Keep away! This is mine! I got here first." And those that were strongest snatched from those that were weak.

After Henry Hudson discovered the Hudson River for the Dutch, Dutch merchants went up the river to trade with the Indians for furs, Dutch farmers plowed the fields along its banks, and a Dutch town grew up at its mouth. It was called New Amsterdam. The English colonists living north and south of New Amsterdam wanted very much to trade in furs up the Hudson; they also thought it would be well for England to own all the coast of the Atlantic. They well knew that the Dutch had no forts and no ships to defend their town. England was greatly tempted and watched for a chance to snatch. Now when New Amsterdam was about forty years old, a fine old Dutchman was governor there. His name was Peter Stuyvesant, and he stamped about on a wooden leg, for one of his own had been shot away in battle when he was young. He was a "leathern-sided, lion-hearted, generous-spirited old governor," but very stern and vigorous, bossing his Dutchmen about and making them do exactly as he pleased. As he grew older, he grew fiercer, and the good Dutchmen of New Amsterdam were very weary of him. Then one day, without any warning at all, a fleet of English ships sailed into the harbor, pointed their guns at the town, and sent a letter to Governor Stuyvesant asking him politely to give up New Amsterdam in the King of England's name. The old governor was furious, and tore the letter to bits, but he had few soldiers and few guns, his townspeople begged him to surrender, and so, though he said he would "rather be carried out dead," he was forced to give up his town. In this way England pushed the Dutch out of the New World and took for herself the provinces of New York, New Jersey and Delaware. What was New Amsterdam is now the city of New York.







DUTCH HOUSE IN NEW YORK



## WILLIAM PENN FOUNDS PENNSYLVANIA—1682

The kings of England were generous with that part of the New World claimed by England. They did not know how very generous they were. King Charles the Second used it to reward his favorites and to pay his debts. He gave the land between Virginia and Florida to six gentlemen of his court who sent colonists to live there. This was the beginning of North and South Carolina. Then to pay a debt of a large sum of money which he owed an English admiral, he gave to the admiral's son, William Penn, a grant of land lying half-way between Plymouth and Jamestown, a most beautiful country of forests and rivers, larger than all of England.

William Penn was a Quaker. The Quakers, like the Puritans, did not like the ways of the Church of England. They believed in doing exactly as Christ had taught men to do. They would not swear, they would not strike back when struck, they lived simply. They would not take off their hats in church or before any man, not even the King. They wore plain clothes and large flat hats. The English Government hated them, put many of them in prison, and even burned some of them to death. When William Penn was young he too was put in prison for a time because he insisted on doing as the Quakers did. His own father grew angry with him because he would not take off his hat before him.

Now when the King gave him this wonderful gift, William Penn decided to build up a Quaker settlement in America where men could pray to God and dress and act exactly as they pleased. He sailed to America with the Quaker colonists and started a city there, which he called Philadelphia, the City of Brotherly Love, and William Penn was so truly kind and wise in the way he ruled his country that it was really filled with brotherly love, and many people came to it. Philadelphia was soon the largest city in America. Later it was for a time the capital of the United States.

Although the King of England himself had given Penn this land, Penn knew very well that the real owners were the Indians. He sent for all the chiefs of the Indian tribes soon after he arrived in America. The Indians were full of wonder and did not try to attack the Quakers. They came in great numbers and sat solemnly around an elm tree, staring at Penn and his men. Penn had no soldiers with him, and his men had no guns or swords. The Indians were amazed at their boldness. Then Penn told them he had come to make a bargain with them, to buy their land. He offered them money and gifts. He said, "All between us shall be openness and love. We are one flesh and blood. The friendship between us shall last forever." The Indians were delighted with the fairness of Penn's bargain. They accepted his gift of cloth and hatchets. "We will live in love with William Penn and his children as long as the sun and moon shall shine," they answered, and they smoked with the Quakers the pipe of peace. The Indians kept their promise of peace so carefully that no Quaker was ever killed by an Indian. It would have been well for the other colonies if they had been as fair to the Indians as was William Penn.





E.D.









## OGLETHORPE FOUNDS GEORGIA FOR THE DEBTORS OF ENGLAND—1732

Georgia was the last of the English colonies to be founded, and the one farthest south. It was planted by a wonderfully good man who had once been a soldier, General Oglethorpe. At that time, in England, any man who owed another man money and could not pay what he owed, was thrown into a dirty prison and kept there until his debt was paid or until he died. Many poor men died most wretchedly in these prisons while their wives and children starved outside. It was for these men that Oglethorpe started the colony of Georgia. He brought over shiploads of debtors, taking them from filthy prisons and giving them new homes in a new world where they could be happy once more. But there was another reason for founding Georgia. The Spanish in Florida were very angry because the English had built so many towns in America and took great delight in urging the Indians of the south to attack the colonies nearest Florida, those of North and South Carolina. Thousands of Indians came up from Florida and burned and killed in the Carolinas. The King of England therefore told Oglethorpe that he could have Georgia only if he would attack the Spaniards and keep them from sending murderous Indians up into Carolina. Oglethorpe promised to do this and kept his promise.

The people of Carolina were so pleased that, when Oglethorpe's first ship stopped at a Carolina town on its way to Georgia, they met it with shouts of joy and loaded it with their finest cows and pigs as a gift to Oglethorpe.

## FATHER JUNIPERO SERRA HEARS MASS AT MISSION CARMEL—1776

You will remember that Sir Francis Drake, when he sailed round the world, stopped to clean his *Golden Hynde* on the shores of California, and took that beautiful country for his English queen. For two hundred years few men thought again of that far-away shore of the Pacific. Spain was busy in Mexico and South America, and England was busy building up her Atlantic colonies. But Spain watched England greedily and decided at last to send Spaniards from Mexico up the shores of the Pacific to claim California for Spain and build Spanish towns before England should decide to build English towns there. So a great expedition was sent north from Mexico just two hundred years after the days of Francis Drake.

Most of these men were soldiers, but some were Catholic priests, and one of these was the soul of the enterprise and the cause of its success. He was a thin, lame, pale-faced priest, with beautiful eyes, named Junipero Serra. He had a great gaping wound in his leg, made by a snake bite; a wound that never healed. When men told him he should rest and nurse it, he only answered, "Speak not to me thus. I am determined to go on. I seem to hear voices of unconverted thousands calling me." He came to California to teach the Indians about Christ. He started many churches and built houses of mud brick about them for the Indians. He showed them how to plant and care for seeds of olive trees and oranges brought from Spain and dried grape roots from Mexico. He taught them how to pray, holding on high the crucifix while the Indians knelt before it. Many thousands of Spaniards came to live in the land that Father Junipero Serra thus helped to prepare for them. When Serra died, the hundreds of Indians who loved him threw themselves upon the ground and wept. The ruins of his first settlement still stand at Carmel-by-the-Sea, in California.





TOWN CRIER





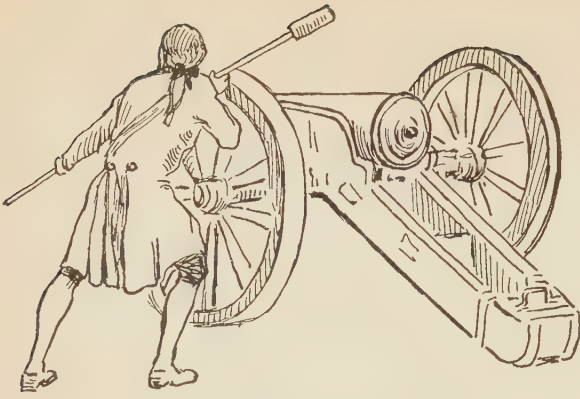
## GEORGE WASHINGTON VISITS A FRENCH PORT—1753

In the rich colony of Virginia there grew up a tall, strong, raw-boned youth, who was to do great things for the people of America. His name was George Washington. On his father's farm he learned to ride and to wrestle exceedingly well and to dance beside, and though he could go to school very little he learned a great deal from the forests near his home. At sixteen he became a surveyor and spent three years in the mountains almost alone, measuring off land. There he grew so strong and self-reliant, and so wise in Indian ways, that the Governor of Virginia made him Captain of a company of Virginia soldiers. At this time a great war was beginning between the French and English in America. The French wished to keep the English in the east, and the English wanted to push west into the French lands. To prevent this the French urged the Indians to attack the English colonists. The Indians were delighted; they burned and tortured and sometimes even ate the bodies of the white men they had killed. At last the French built a fort close to Virginia; whereupon the Governor of Virginia sent a letter to the French soldiers asking them to leave at once as they were on Virginia land. Captain George Washington took this letter. Indian guides went with him. They cut their way through 500 miles of thick forests and crossed freezing rivers on cakes of ice. When Captain Washington gave the letter to the French commander that gentleman bowed low, but refused to leave the fort. He and Washington dined politely together. Then Washington too bowed low and returned to the Governor of Virginia. This was the beginning of the French and Indian War. Shortly after this the colonists sent soldiers to drive the French from their forts. George Washington led these soldiers and fired the first shot of that long and bloody struggle.

## BRADDOCK'S DEFEAT—1755

During the first four years of the French and Indian War the English were beaten at every turn. The English soldiers could not understand the ways of Indian warfare. They were used to fighting in solid masses out in the open, whereas the Indians always scattered and hid behind rocks or trees, from which they shot. The French fought as the Indians did.

The first general who came over from England, General Braddock, suffered a most terrible defeat. He was an English bulldog sort, brave, honest and obstinate. "Of course a mere savage, such as an Indian, can do nothing against my men," he said. George Washington begged him to fight as the Indians did, but he angrily refused. He led his men through a wilderness to attack the French fort, Duquesne, where Pittsburgh stands to-day. There were no roads; the soldiers had to cut their way. He insisted that they march in close ranks. Suddenly they came upon the French and Indians in a narrow forest path. The French and Indians scattered and surrounded the English, shooting from behind trees and bushes. The poor English, in bright red coats, stood in solid line. They did not know what to do. They could see nothing to aim at, only puffs of smoke from the forest. The French and Indians shot them down by dozens. If any of the English tried to break for shelter Braddock drove them back to the ranks. He himself was very brave and had four horses shot under him, and at last was badly wounded. Nine hundred English soldiers were killed or wounded. It was Washington who led the shattered army back to Virginia. As poor Braddock lay dying of his wound he was heard to say, "Who would ever have thought it," and after a little he added sadly, "We should know better how to do it next time."



CANNON DURING REVOLUTION





BOSTON TEA PARTY

## THE BATTLE OF QUEBEC—1759

Though the French won at first, they lost everything in the end. One by one the English and the colonists captured the French forts. At last a large English army was sent to Quebec to seize it. A young general named Wolfe was at the head of these soldiers, a tall, thin, delicate man, but a brilliant leader. The French had 16,000 men to defend Quebec, and a great general too, General Montcalm. He was a small man, but the Indians said of him that in his eyes were the greatness of the pine trees and the fire of the eagle. Wolfe encamped his soldiers on the banks of the St. Lawrence opposite the city of Quebec. For two months he stayed there trying to decide how to seize Quebec, for Quebec was built upon a rock hundreds of feet high and there was no way of reaching it except through the spot where the 16,000 Frenchmen lay in wait. Most of this time Wolfe was very ill. "Oh, doctor, just patch me up for this business," he begged, "and I'll ask no more."

At last he discovered a tiny path up the steep rocky cliff leading to a field above the city. Very quietly under cover of night his troops rowed across the river and by morning 3,000 had climbed that cliff and stood ready to fight. Montcalm, as soon as he heard, rushed his Frenchmen out to defend the city, but only a few thousand had reached the plain when the English dashed upon them and overcame them and took Quebec. The brave young English general, Wolfe, was shot through the arm and leg and side and lay dying. "They fly, they fly," shouted one of his men. "Who fly?" cried Wolfe. "The French, sir." "Now, God be praised," said Wolfe; "I can die in peace." The French general too was wounded. Seeing his blood, his soldiers cried out, "He will die." He answered, "Do not weep for me, my children, it is nothing"; and then, as he fell back dying, added sadly, "So much the better. I shall not live to see Quebec surrender."

After this great victory the French were forced to give to England all of Canada and the Great Lakes.

## THE BOSTON TEA PARTY—1773

Thirteen English colonies now lay along the eastern coast of North America. The men and women who lived in these colonies were very proud of being English. Each colony cared very little for the other colonies, and a great deal for Mother England. They did not think of themselves as Americans at all but as English people, loyal to their king, and loyal English they would always have been if the English king and his lawmakers had treated them wisely and fairly. But the lawmakers of England would not let the people of the colonies do as they pleased. They would not let them build ships, or make hats, or spin cloth, or manufacture any other thing. They made them send all their furs to England. They made them use only English ships. And now, after the French and Indian War, there came an English king, George III, to the throne, who was a mean man and wanted to rule his people in mean ways. He declared the American colonists were a wretched set of cowardly peasants who should be made to pay to England whatever England asked. England needed money, so, without consulting the Americans, he said they should pay the King something for every pound of tea they used, and sent over many shiploads of tea to be sold in America. But though they loved tea, the colonists would buy none of it on these terms. As the ships of tea lay in the harbor of Boston, fifty men of Boston dressed themselves as Indians, painted their faces and feathered their hair, and with whoops and war cries climbed into the English ships, cut open the chests, and dumped the King's tea into the salt water. This curious tea party, where not a shot was fired, was the beginning of the Revolutionary War.







PAUL REVERE



## PAUL REVERE AND THE BATTLE OF LEXINGTON—1775

The King of England still thought the Americans a set of cowards who would run at the first sound of cannon, so he sent English soldiers to Boston to punish the rebels, as he called them, for spoiling his tea. But the men of the colonies were now very angry. All those who had fought against the Indians and French brought out their guns. Companies of "minute men" were formed. The people of New England were ready for war, and very soon the first battle was fought, the battle of Lexington. This is how it came about. The British soldiers in Boston knew that the colonists had been collecting guns at Concord town, and decided to march there and capture them. A young minute man, named Paul Revere, had been watching the redcoats in Boston as a hawk watches its prey. One night he heard of their plan to attack Concord. Quietly he rowed across the river from Boston; there, "booted and spurred and ready to ride," he watched the Old North Church until two lanterns were hung as a signal there to tell him which way the British marched. Then up and away on his horse he flew shouting his news at every farm till he had waked the whole countryside and every man was armed. Meanwhile the nine hundred British marched boldly on. At daybreak they reached the little town of Lexington. There on the green common stood sixty minute men, roused by Paul Revere. The British soldiers halted and their captain shouted, "Lay down your arms, you villains, you rebels. Confound you, why don't you lay down your arms?" Now the leader of the men of Lexington had said, "If they want a war, let them have it now, but do not fire until they fire." Therefore the colonists stood their ground silently and looked the British in the eye. And the British fired. Seven men of Lexington fell dead. The nine hundred soldiers march on, but soon the whole country swarmed with angry farmers who shot from every bush and boulder. The puzzled redcoats thought "the very sky rained rebels." Back they hurried to Boston, the men of New England shooting them down as they ran, so that two hundred and seventy British fell before they reached the city. Eighty-eight Americans were killed.

## THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL—1775

Real war between England and the thirteen colonies had come at last. The men of New England, with guns in their hands and anger in their hearts, closed round the city of Boston, filled with British troops. The British officers gave balls and plays in Boston and laughed at the tattered rebels outside the town. One night the Americans moved their cannon to the top of a small hill overlooking Boston. The English officers next morning rubbed their eyes. "Why, the rebels are really going to fight," they exclaimed. And they sent 3,000 Englishmen to drive the Americans from Bunker Hill. Now these Englishmen marched straight up the green hill in the face of the American cannon. But the American general, Putnam, cried to his men, hidden behind breastworks, "Don't fire till you see the whites of their eyes." On marched the British until they came within fifty yards of the American guns, and because not a shot was fired they thought the rebels had run away and the hill was won. Suddenly all the Americans fired at once, and the whole front rank of the British fell headlong. Once more the brave redcoats charged up the hill and the rebel shot mowed them down. Still a third time they charged, and this time the Americans, to their dismay, found their powder and shot had all been used and they could fire but one volley. So, reluctantly, step by step, fighting with swords and bayonets, they retreated, and the British took Bunker Hill. But more than one thousand British lay dead. They had learned at last that the colonists could fight.











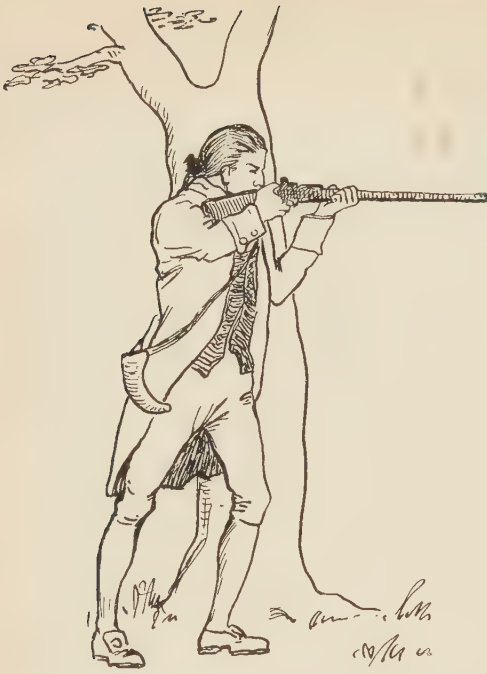


## NATHAN HALE DIES FOR HIS COUNTRY—1776

Soon after the battle of Bunker Hill, General George Washington came up from Virginia to lead the men of New England. The colonists remembered how bravely and wisely he had fought in the French and Indian War and chose him for chief commander. He found the American army camped round the city of Boston, without uniforms, without tents, and often without food. He spent a winter drilling them there, collecting clothes and food, powder and shot for them, and by spring they were so bold and ready that they forced the British troops to leave Boston forever. But the war had only just begun. The British attacked New York, and the Americans did not have men and guns enough to keep the British out. Those were sad and anxious days for the new United States.

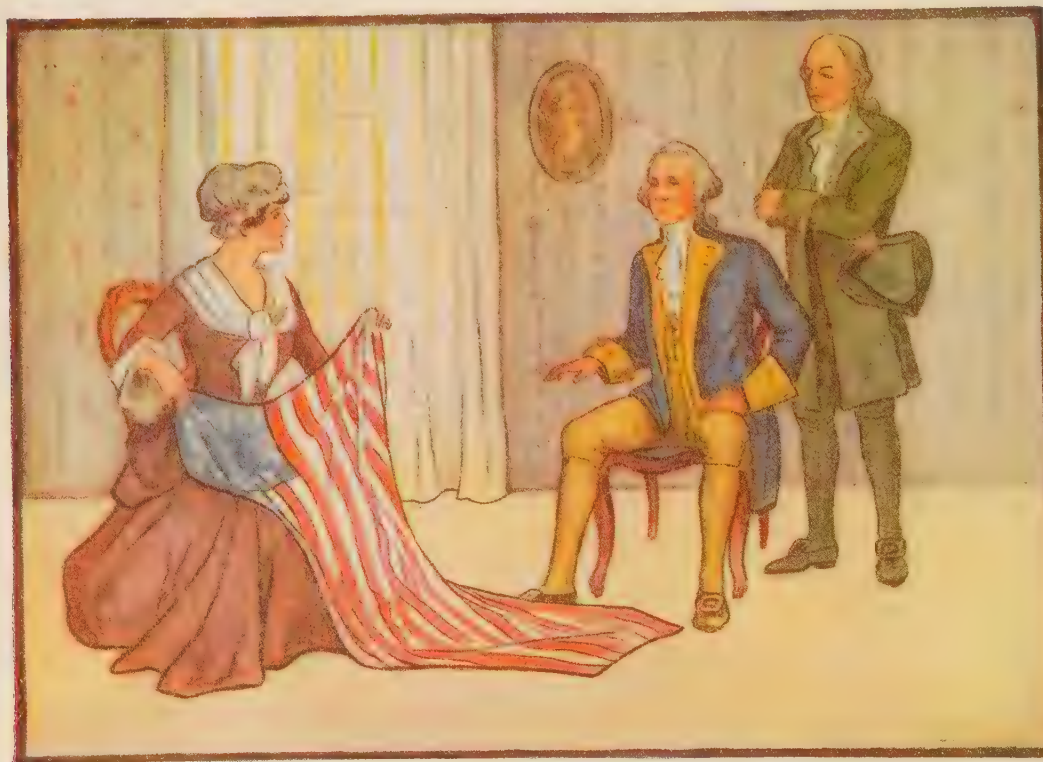
There was a young captain in the American army at this time, a tall, broad-shouldered, brown-haired fellow, with a cheery smile and a true heart, who gave his life for his country in a way it is well to remember. His name was Nathan Hale, and though he was only twenty-one he was already captain of a brave company called "Congress' Own." Nathan Hale had gone to Yale when he was sixteen. He had done very well at college and became very popular, so that men said he had a great future before him. As soon as he heard of the killing of American minute men at Lexington, he made a ringing speech calling upon all brave men to march immediately upon the British, and he himself became a soldier. In the army every one trusted him and every one loved him, he was so brave and strong and fearless.

Now there came a time when the American army was in great danger. Washington knew that he must find out at once what the English were planning to do, so that he might save his small army from their many ships and troops. But he could find out nothing. With a heavy heart he called his officers together and asked them if there was one among them who would go as a spy into the British camp and learn the British secrets. To become a spy is a desperate and dangerous thing, for a spy when caught is hanged. Washington's officers refused the task. A second time they were asked, and this time Nathan Hale, pale from a recent sickness, rose and said simply, "I will undertake it." At first he was very successful. Dressed as a Tory schoolmaster he entered the British camp, where he secretly made maps and learned all that Washington wished to know. With a light heart, and full of hope, he set out for Washington's camp, but on the way, as he sat in an inn at dinner, he was recognized and next morning was given over to the British as a spy. They searched him and found his maps in the soles of his shoes. Then Nathan Hale knew that his end had come, but he faced the British general without fear. The general thought him such a splendid fellow that he promised to spare his life if he would join the British army and fight against the Americans. Nathan Hale refused. The next morning at daybreak he was hanged. He did not ask for mercy. As they put the rope about him he said, "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country." The man who hanged him was a brutal fellow, who tore in bits the last letters that Nathan Hale had written after he was sentenced to death. This hangman had read the letters and destroyed them, he said, because he "did not want the rebels to know that they had a man who could die with such firmness."



MINUTE MAN







## THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE—1776

When George Washington and his men drove the British troops from Boston, King George of England was angry indeed. He was determined to force the colonists to do as he commanded and he sent thousands of English soldiers against them, and fleets of battleships, and he even hired twenty thousand German soldiers to fight them too. Then the colonists saw that their Mother England was no longer a good mother. At first the men of America had had no thought of breaking away from England. They had only asked to be treated fairly by the English king. But now they saw that King George intended to treat them as slaves, not as free Englishmen. Therefore the people in each of the colonies chose men whom they could trust and sent them to the city of Philadelphia. There these men met together in the town hall and formed what was called a congress. There they talked over the troubles of the colonists and decided that it was best to declare that their thirteen colonies were free and independent from all other nations. One of these men, Thomas Jefferson, wrote what is called The Declaration of Independence, stating that the thirteen colonies had now become the United States of America. The other men of the congress signed the declaration. Then the great bell in the town hall of Philadelphia was loudly and joyfully rung to let the people know that all Americans were free forever from the English king. The colonists shouted for joy at the news. From north to south bells were rung and bonfires blazed and the men of America swore they would never lay down their guns till every British soldier had been driven home. Thus on the Fourth of July, 1776, there was born a new nation into the world, our nation, the United States of America.

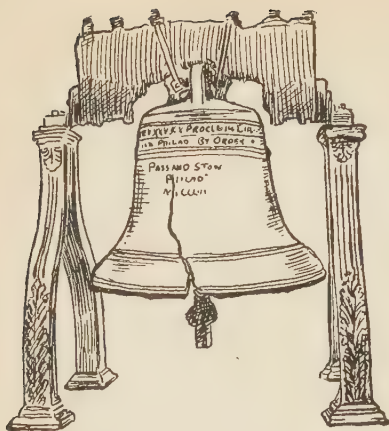
## BETSY ROSS MAKES A FLAG—1777

The new nation of these United States was a year old before it had a flag. The people of America had at first lived under the English flag, but now that they had quarreled with England they needed a flag of their own to wave before their soldiers in battle. It was General George Washington himself who planned our flag with its thirteen red and white stripes, one for each colony, and in one corner silver stars in a blue sky, one star for each State. The men of Congress decided to adopt this flag, and the story goes that they sent Washington and Robert Morris with a sketch of the flag as they planned it to Betsy Ross, a maker of flags in Philadelphia. This Betsy Ross was a brave young woman whose husband had been killed by the English soldiers only a short time before, while he was guarding American food supplies. Her heart leaped at the thought of making her country's first flag. She looked at the sketch. The stars that Washington had drawn had six points. She told him that they should have but five, and with two quick snips of her scissors in a folded bit of paper, she cut a five pointed star that pleased him so much that he changed his drawing. When the first flag was finished, Washington was delighted with it, and Betsy Ross was asked to make many more like it for the American troops.

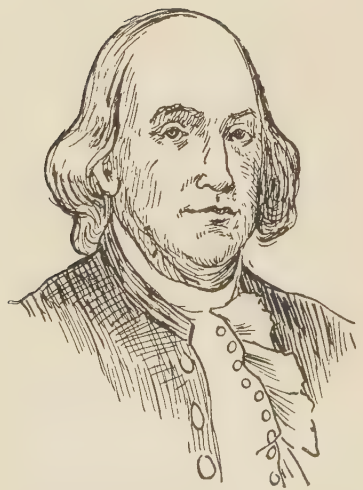
But Betsy Ross' flag was not the first stars and stripes to wave in battle. The first was a very crude flag, made from an old white shirt, an old blue jacket, and some strips of red cloth from the petticoat of a soldier's wife, and it waved over a fort in northern New York which the Americans had captured from the English after a bloody fight in August, 1777.

Not long ago the President of our United States stood looking thoughtfully at our flag of stars and stripes, and he said: "It seems to me that I see alternate strips of parchment upon which are written the rights of liberty and justice, and strips of blood spilt to vindicate those rights, and there, in the corner, a glimpse of the blue serene into which every nation may swim which stands for these great things."





LIBERTY BELL



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

## BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

The greatest of the first Americans who fought for freedom was George Washington. But one of the greatest of those who made the new nation did not fight at all, though he gave all his time and thought to his country. This was Benjamin Franklin, the grand old man of the Revolution. He was twenty-six years older than Washington, and seventy years old when he signed the Declaration of Independence. Benjamin Franklin was born in Boston and was one of the youngest of a family of seventeen children. His father made candles, and Benjamin made them too until he was ten years old. He did not go to school. He became a great man because he simply insisted on making himself great. He read and worked, and worked and read, until he knew more than most men and could do more than most men. He became a printer and published books so wise that we repeat his sayings to this day without in the least remembering he said them: such sayings as "Honesty is the best policy" and "God helps those who help themselves." He invented stoves, fire-departments, and policemen, and started the University of Pennsylvania. He sent up a kite in a thunderstorm with its wet string tied to a key in his hand and brought down a spark of electricity from the lightning, proving lightning and electricity were the same. But what he did for the new United States of America was most important of all, for the American people sent him to France to ask aid against England in our fight for freedom, and he proved himself so wise, so pleasant, and so clever, that he persuaded the French not only to give us money, but to send trained troops and battleships to fight for us, and in this way to help us in the end to win our war and to become in reality the United States of America.

## JOHN PAUL JONES BEGINS TO FIGHT—1779

When the colonists began to fight for liberty or death they had no regular army, and, of course, they had no navy, no warships or ships of any kind in which they could put to sea. But England had a mighty navy and sent her warships to hammer the American towns with cannon balls and destroy them with fire. Many a town fell before their shot and shell. The Americans built what ships they could, though these were few, and men who loved salt water set out in them to harry if possible the British shipping. The bravest of these sailors was John Paul Jones of Virginia. He prowled along the English coast in his little ship, the *Ranger*, and captured many English merchantmen, but he did not burn defenseless towns or fire on women and children as the British had done in America. Benjamin Franklin begged the French, who were glad at that time to hurt England, to give Paul Jones a fleet with which he might do great things. They gave him a curious old ship named the *Bonhomme Richard* and three others. With these he sailed the British Channel, watching for ships to capture. He came one day upon forty English vessels with two warships to guard them, and instantly set out after them. The largest of these British battleships was the *Serapis*, and Paul Jones' rolling old *Bonhomme Richard* was small and rickety beside her. But Jones let go his guns at her and the battle began. All night they fought, so close together that when Paul Jones saw his ship was beginning to sink he seized a stout rope and lashed the *Bonhomme Richard* to the *Serapis*; then the bloody fight went on. The English captain saw the Americans dying in heaps on the deck, and called out, "Have you struck your colors?" "I have not yet begun to fight," shouted Captain Jones. With his own hands he aimed two guns at the masts of the *Serapis*. They fell, and the *Serapis* surrendered. Both ships were shot to pieces, and the *Bonhomme Richard* sank only a little while after she had captured the *Serapis*. The *Serapis* sank a few hours later. Paul Jones seized the merchant ships and England learned that Americans could fight on sea as well as on land.









COACH DURING TIME OF REVOLUTION

## AMERICAN SOLDIERS SPEND THE WINTER AT VALLEY FORGE—1777-78

Two years after Washington forced the redcoats out of Boston, one of the British generals, Burgoyne, and his whole army were surrounded and taken prisoners by the American forces. This was an immense surprise and grief to England. But even after this great victory times were very hard for Washington and his men. The English held New York and Philadelphia. Washington did not have enough men or guns to drive them out. The army of the United States was very poor and badly cared for. The leaders of the different States did not know how to send their men food and clothes and ammunition. There was no real government. Washington had to take his men for the winter to a cleft in the mountains called Valley Forge, where they froze and starved, though there was food and clothing enough for all if the congress of colonists had known how to manage properly. Few of the soldiers had shoes; their bare cut feet made bloody tracks in the snow. Washington was heartsick over the sorrows of his men. He, too, had little enough to eat. But he kept a brave spirit and spent the winter in drilling his men and making them into trained soldiers. In this he was helped by a gay and brave young Frenchman, the Marquis de Lafayette, and a gray old German, the Baron von Steuben. Steuben had fought in many wars in Europe. He said the Americans would make splendid soldiers if they were trained. So he took a musket himself, and from morning till night, all that bitter winter, he taught that ragged army to advance, to retreat, to shoulder arms, to wheel and turn. He could not speak English, which vexed him much, but he swore at them roundly in other tongues, and by spring they were trained troops. Thus the army came forth from the terrible winter at Valley Forge stronger and bolder than ever, though fewer in numbers.

## THE WINNING OF THE WEST BY CLARK—1779

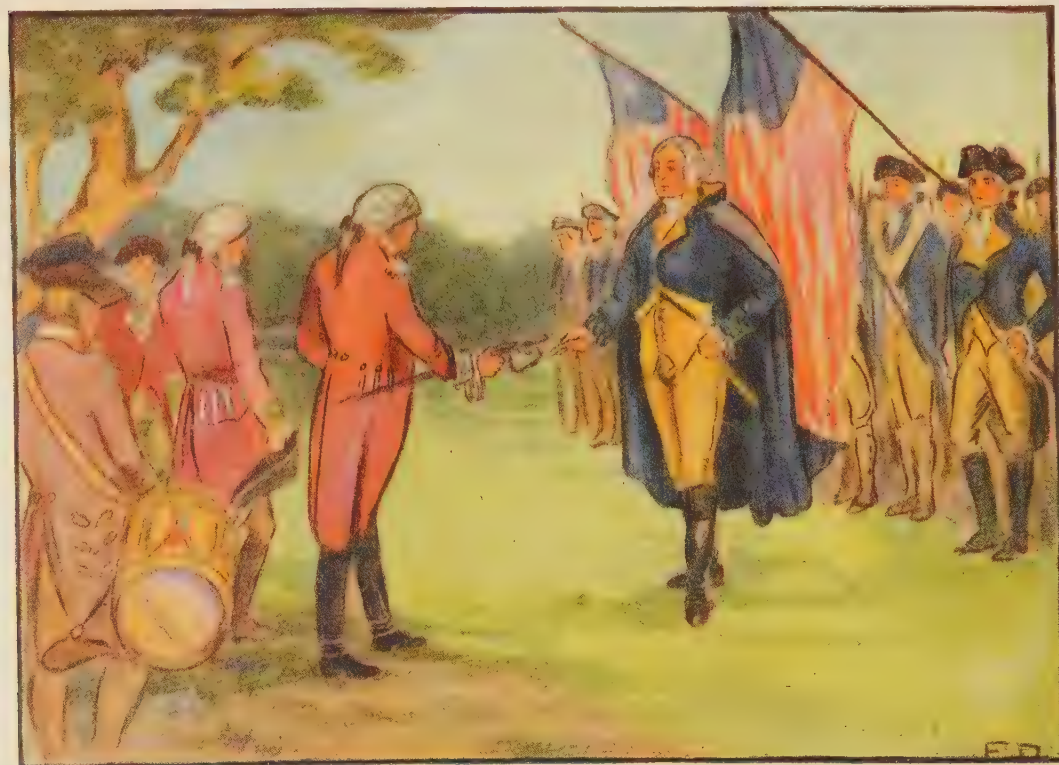
While George Washington was trying to drive the redcoats from New York, another leader from Virginia was winning the western part of our country from England. This was George Rogers Clark, a wilderness hunter, 25 years old. The English had three forts in the western country, along the Mississippi, and began stirring up the Indians there against the colonists, paying them to burn and kill. Clark with a hundred hunters like himself, marched secretly to one of these forts, Kaskaskia. As he drew near he saw that a ball was going on at the fort. All the people of the village were dancing there, and the sentinels, thinking no enemy was near, were watching the gay party. Clark walked through the open door into the bright room, leaving his men outside. Then he leaned with folded arms against a doorpost, and watched the dancers. Suddenly an Indian who stood near, saw him and gave a wild wacry. The dancers stopped, the women screamed, the men rushed for their guns. But Clark held up his hand and called out, as his men came pouring into the room, "Go on with your dancing, but remember that you are dancing now in Virginia, not on English ground." The fort was taken without a blow, and Vincennes, another English stronghold, was taken too. Clark and his men marched back to Virginia, well pleased. But during the winter word was brought to Clark that the English had come back to Vincennes. Instantly Clark called together one hundred and thirty brave fellows and started West. It was at the time of melting snow. The whole country was covered with icy water. For two weeks they marched, often up to their waists, sometimes up to their necks in the cold water. At last, frost-bitten, ill, half-starved, they reached Vincennes. After a twelve hours' siege they captured it and drove the English forever from the West. By his quickness and bravery, Clark thus took from England all the country from which the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin are made.











## BENEDICT ARNOLD TURNS TRAITOR—1780

There was one brave man in the army of General Washington whose story is more sad than that of Nathan Hale. This man was Benedict Arnold, a man as brave as Washington himself, a kind, impetuous man, and a brilliant soldier, but a man who became a traitor to his country. At the beginning no man did more to win the freedom of the Americans than Benedict Arnold. When the British general, Burgoyne, marched down from Canada to take the Hudson River, it was Benedict Arnold who led the American troops against him and took him and his army prisoner. In this battle a wounded German soldier shot at Arnold and struck his knee. As Arnold fell from his horse, one of his soldiers ran up to the wounded German and was about to kill him when Arnold called out, "No, no, do not hurt him; he is a fine fellow." It would have been well for Arnold if, in this moment of glory, the German soldier had shot him dead. After this battle he was not made a general as he should have been and was treated unfairly by Congress. He was a proud man, his heart grew bitter against his own country and he became a traitor. A traitor is the most wicked of men; one who pretends to love his country but is really eager to give her over to her enemies in return for money and power. Arnold wrote secretly to the English general saying that on a certain day he would surrender to the English the great fort of West Point and all the American soldiers of whom he had command there. Fortunately his letters were discovered and he fled for his life to the ship of the English general. Washington had so loved and trusted Arnold that when he heard Arnold had tried to ruin his country the tears streamed down his cheeks and he cried out, "Arnold a traitor; whom can we trust now."

Benedict Arnold joined the English army and led English troops against the very men who had once fought under his command. But he was never again a happy man. When he lay dying in England, a very old man, he called for his American uniform in which he had run away. He put it on and he put on the epaulettes and sword-knot Washington had once given him for his bravery. "Let me die," he said, "in this old uniform in which I fought my battles. God forgive me for ever putting on any other."

## THE SURRENDER OF CORNWALLIS—1781

For six long years the men of the United States fought the English soldiers. If it had not been for the courage and wisdom of George Washington they could never have won their freedom from England. But Washington would never give up, and at last he conquered. He conquered with the help of French soldiers and French ships of war, for the young United States had too few men and too little money to win alone, brave and determined though its people were.

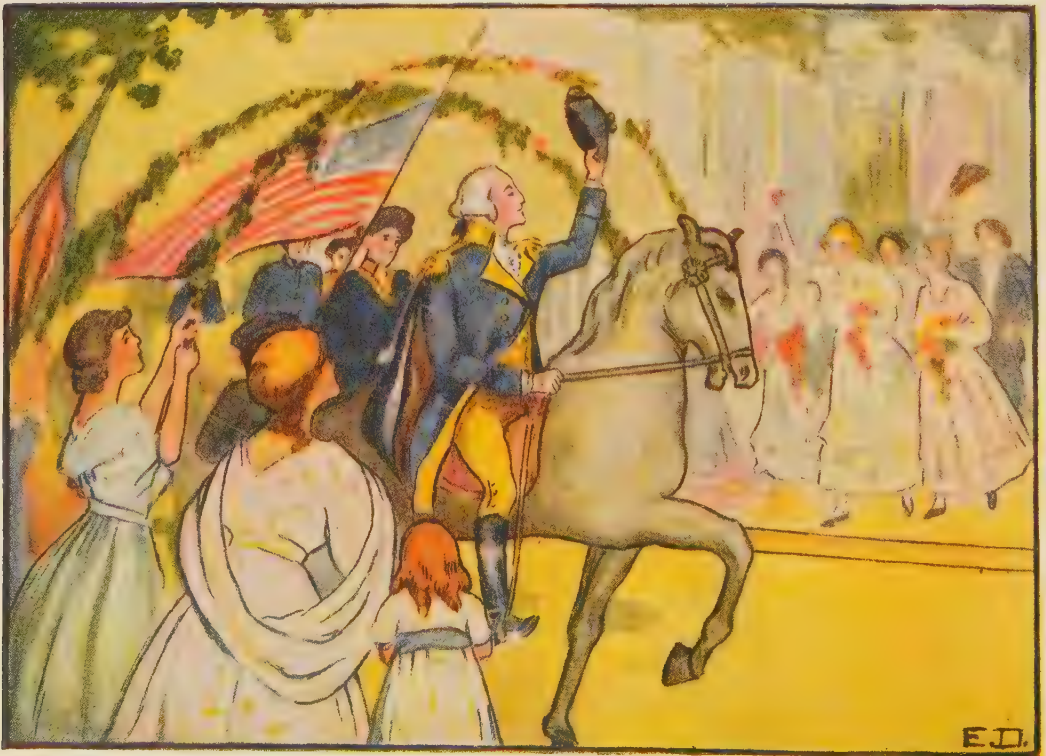
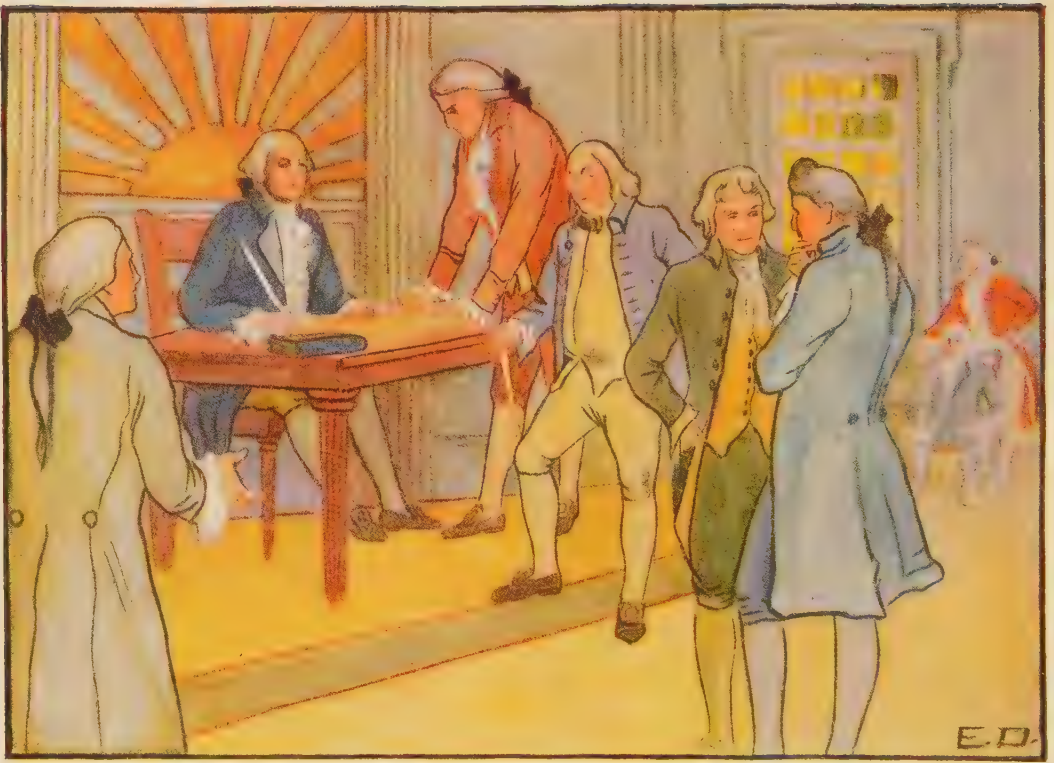
But fortunately France did help them with men and money. In October, six years after the battle of Bunker Hill, the British general, Cornwallis, was captured with all his men and the war was ended. This general had taken the cities of Georgia and South Carolina, but had been driven into Virginia by American troops and had moved his soldiers to the seashore. He thought English ships would join him there and bring him more soldiers. But to his horror French ships and not English sailed in behind him, while George Washington, with French and American soldiers hurried down from the north and bombarded him in front. Poor Cornwallis was surrounded and had to give up his sword and his men. Even Cornwallis could not help admiring the skill with which Washington had trapped him, and he told Washington very prettily that he ought to have expected no less from such a general. When the news of Cornwallis' surrender reached England, Lord North, the head of the English government, rushed up and down wringing his hands and crying, "My God, it is all over," and King George the Third was so annoyed that he forgot to date his letters that day, a thing he had never forgotten before.



INDIAN PAPOOSE









## THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION—1787

After the war with England was over the United States was left a free nation but a very wobbly one. There was no head to the nation, no government, no money to pay its soldiers. Its people were all poor and had few ways of getting rich again. The States began to quarrel among themselves. King George of England heard of these troubles and smiled. "These new Americans will soon be asking to become Englishmen again," he said. But he was wrong. The strong and wise men of America met together in Philadelphia in the very building where, eleven years before, the Declaration of Independence had been signed. There they sat every day for four hot summer months behind locked doors, talking and planning and working out together a new and free kind of government for their new and free country. George Washington led these men. He sat in a great armchair at one end of the room; behind him, on the wall, was painted a golden sun. Wise old Benjamin Franklin was there, and shy James Madison, and handsome Alexander Hamilton and many others. Long and long they talked and planned. Often they quarreled and agreed again, but so well did they keep the secrets of their council room that no one knew of what they talked until at last, at the end of the summer, they had decided upon their Constitution of the United States. Then they told the States their plan of government. One by one each State agreed to it. They were to have a President, a Vice-President, a Senate, a Congress, and a court of Judges, to lead them and make their laws and pay their debts. So wisely was this planned that to this day the people of the United States are living under the very form of government invented by these earnest, eager men.

When these men had written their Constitution and were ready to rest from their labor, old Benjamin Franklin rose and said, "Gentlemen, through all these days I have sat looking at yonder sun painted upon the wall and have wondered whether it was a rising or a setting sun. Now, gentlemen, I am happy in the knowledge that it is a rising sun." That rising sun brought the dawn of a government of the people, by the people, for the people.

## GEORGE WASHINGTON IS MADE PRESIDENT—1789

And now the Americans were to have their first President. They thought of but one man, General George Washington. General Washington had left the army after the war ended; with tears in his eyes he had kissed his gallant officers good-by and had gone to live again quietly on his beautiful Virginia farm. His hair was white now, grown white in his country's service. When he heard that he had been elected President his heart was sad for he knew hard work and trying times were before him. But he also knew his countrymen needed him. So he rode away to New York to become President. In those days, of course, there were no trains or steamboats, and the roads were very bad. It took Washington two weeks to make his journey. But all along the way the people welcomed him and rejoiced over him, their hero. At every town and village they ran to meet him, cheering. Washington was a tall, strong, grave man. He looked a worthy President as he rode among his people, bowing and smiling his kind smile. At Trenton, where he had once beaten the English badly, he was met by a cloud of young girls in white, who made a pathway of flowers for him to ride upon. At last he reached New York, and there, on a balcony overlooking great crowds of happy people, he kissed the Bible and swore to guard the interests of all Americans, and so became the first President of these United States.



LAFAYETTE

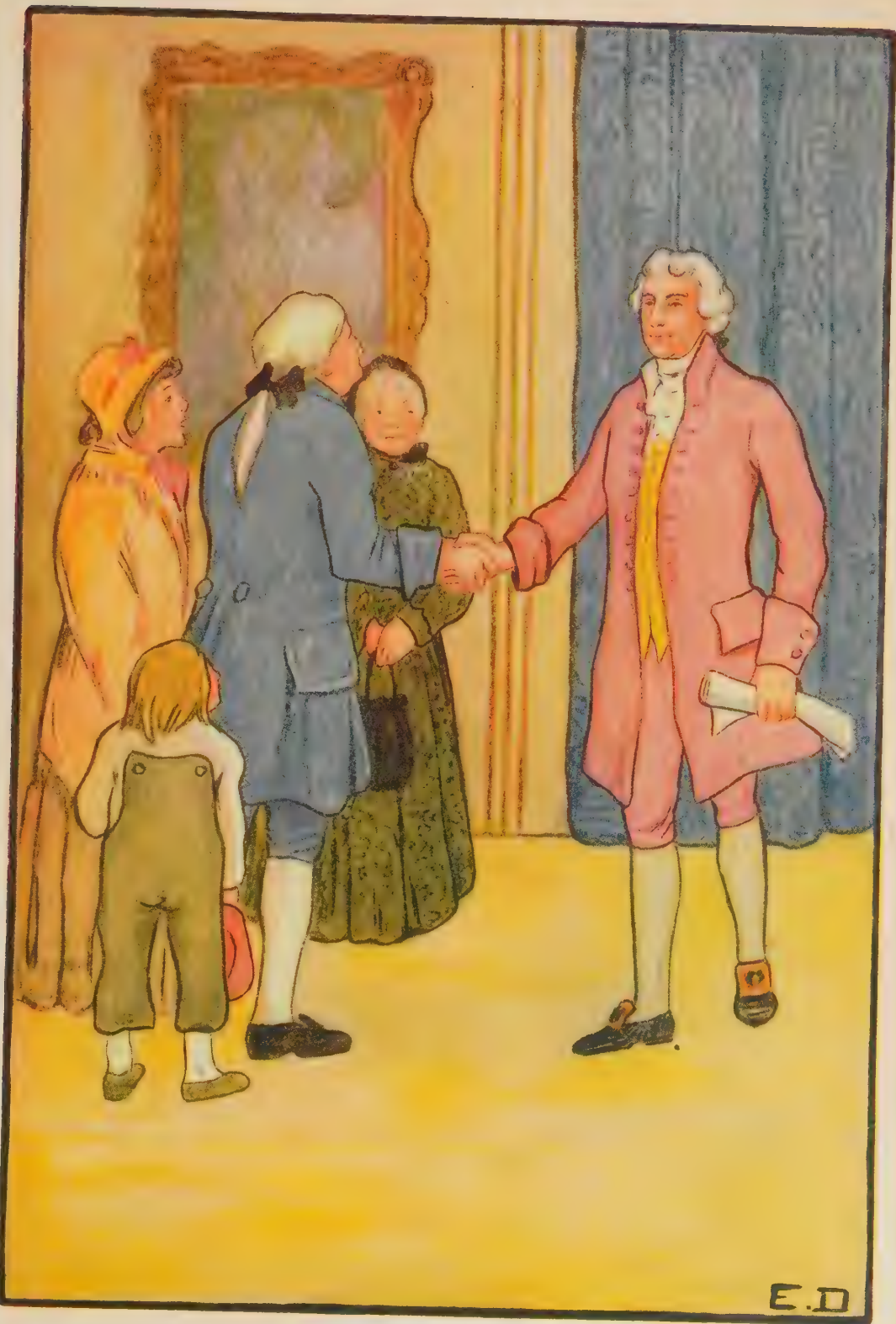


THOMAS JEFFERSON'S HOME

## PRESIDENT THOMAS JEFFERSON—1801

The second president of the United States was John Adams, and the third was Thomas Jefferson, the man who at the beginning of the Revolution had written the Declaration of Independence on that first great Fourth of July. Thomas Jefferson was a man worth remembering. He was a very big man and very strong. He could run, he could ride, he could wrestle. He was always well. He ate little and slept little. Winter and summer he was up with the sun. He could play the violin and he could dance extremely well. But besides all this he could study, and study he did through his long life so that his brilliant mind was very full of what wise men should know. He was gay and active and kind. During the eight years that he was President the people of the United States were at peace and grew strong. Thomas Jefferson believed in the people. He thought there was good in every one of them, even the most humble, so that the people began to believe in themselves and prospered. President Thomas Jefferson lived in the new White House in the new capital city of Washington. He kept its doors always open so that any American who wished could enter and shake the President's hand and talk to him. He dressed very simply and behaved in a simple, hearty way. The people loved him, especially the poor.

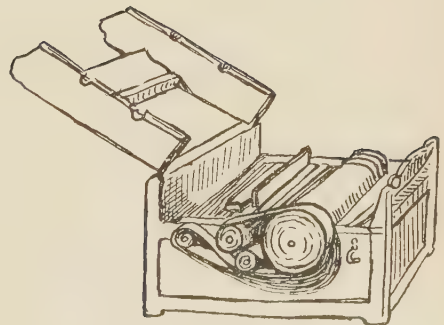
After he was no longer President he lived at his beautiful home "Monticello." There he looked after the University of Virginia, which he had founded. And there on the Fourth of July, just fifty years after the Declaration of Independence, he died. His only wish during his last illness had been that he might live to see the sun rise once more on that day of freedom. He lay quietly through the night of the third, and as the sun rose he smiled happily. "It is the Fourth of July," he said, and died in peace.



E.D







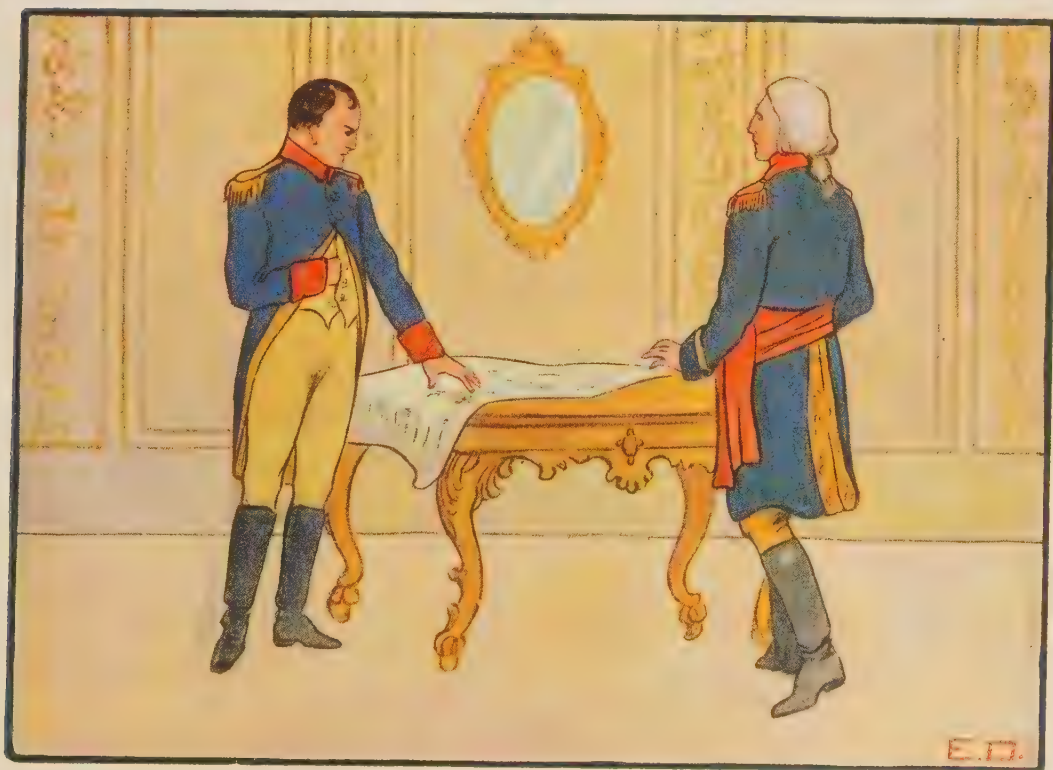
FIRST COTTON GIN

## ELI WHITNEY MAKES A COTTON GIN—1793

The people of the United States now began to build factories of their own, and ships of their own, and to grow rich. One of the chief causes of their growing wealth was a small and simple machine called a cotton gin, invented by a farmer's son. This boy, Eli Whitney, always liked working in his father's tool-house far better than plowing in his father's fields. He could mend anything. When only a boy he earned money mending violins, and making nails and walking sticks and hatpins, all by hand. By and by he went south to teach in Georgia, and there he visited a bright little lady, Mrs. Nathaniel Greene. At her table one day he heard the planters who lived near her saying how sorry they were that there was no machine for taking the seeds out of their cotton. A negro slave took all day to pick out the seeds from a single pound, they said, so that it did not pay them to raise cotton in their fields. "Mr. Whitney can do anything. He will invent a machine for you," said Mrs. Greene. "I will try," said Eli Whitney. So he locked himself each day in a little workroom, and by and by had made with his own hands a small machine of wood with revolving teeth that tore the seeds from the cotton with wonderful ease. But the cotton clogged the teeth. He could think of no way to keep the teeth clean. "Why don't you use this?" said Mrs. Greene, one day, holding up the hearth brush. "Thank you, I will," he said, delighted. So he added a revolving brush to his machine, and his cotton gin was finished. The Southern planters were all excitement. Every one ordered gins and every one planted cotton. After the seeds were taken out, the cotton was sold in England, and the planters grew very rich. But this little cotton gin also did a great deal of harm. Because of it more and more negroes were needed to work in the new cotton fields, and many thousands were caught in Africa and sold as slaves to the cotton planters in America, so that slavery as well as wealth grew rapidly in the South.

## THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE—1803

The United States grew very much while Jefferson was President; in fact it more than doubled its size. No one was more surprised by this than the Americans themselves. You see, after the war with England, the United States reached to the Mississippi and no farther. Beyond the Mississippi lay a great stretch of land called Louisiana, reaching to the Rocky Mountains. This belonged at first to France, and then to Spain, and Spain was very disagreeable about letting Americans bring boats and goods down the river to the Spanish city of New Orleans. The Western Americans grew very angry about this. Suddenly President Jefferson heard that Spain had sold Louisiana secretly to France, so he sent James Monroe to France to ask Napoleon to sell to the Americans the city of New Orleans, and so put an end to the troubles on the river. Now Napoleon had intended to send thousands of French people to Louisiana and make another New France there, but he had so many wars on his hands that he had no soldiers to spare to defend Louisiana, and besides he needed money, so to Jefferson's great surprise he said, "I will sell you all of Louisiana or nothing." Now this was a reckless step. When Napoleon's brothers heard of it they rushed to him to beg him to change his mind. They found him in his bath and perfectly furious at their insolence. He splashed them thoroughly and told them to mind their own affairs, and then he sold Louisiana to the astonished Americans for fifteen million dollars. When his secretary brought him the agreement signed by the Americans he clapped his hands and said, "Now I've given England a rival that will humble her pride." But he added sadly, "The Americans are getting an empire for a trifle." It proved a magnificent bargain. After the Louisiana purchase the United States spread west to the Rocky Mountains.











## LEWIS AND CLARK CROSS THE CONTINENT—1805

After the Americans had bought the great country of Louisiana they found they knew nothing whatever about it. They heard wild stories of giants there twenty feet high and of mountains of white salt. Jefferson himself thought it only a "barren sand." Many Americans were more surprised than pleased to have this great stretch of country added to their nation. Therefore President Jefferson sent out at this time Captain Meriwether Lewis and Captain William Clark, exceedingly brave young men, to explore this Western land. They took with them twenty-six hardy soldiers and frontiersmen. What a trip they had! On foot, in canoes and on horseback they crossed from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, over rivers and mountains no white man had ever seen before. They were gone almost three years and traveled eight thousand miles, yet they lost only one man, and that man died of colic. They found no giants or salt mountains, but they crossed the high Rockies that touch the clouds, they fought with grizzly bears, they shot buffalo, wolves and elk, they met thousands of Indians who feasted them with roasted dog. Their adventures were without number. After they crossed the Rockies they found so little to eat that they were glad to beg dogs and roots from the Indians. These made them very ill, but ill or well they kept on, nursed and aided by a faithful Indian woman, Sacajawea, "the bird-woman," who, with her husband and little baby, guided them all the way. They reached the Pacific Ocean on the Oregon coast, and so, after their return to Washington, the United States claimed the Oregon country, though England claimed it too.

## DECATUR FIRES THE "PHILADELPHIA"—1804

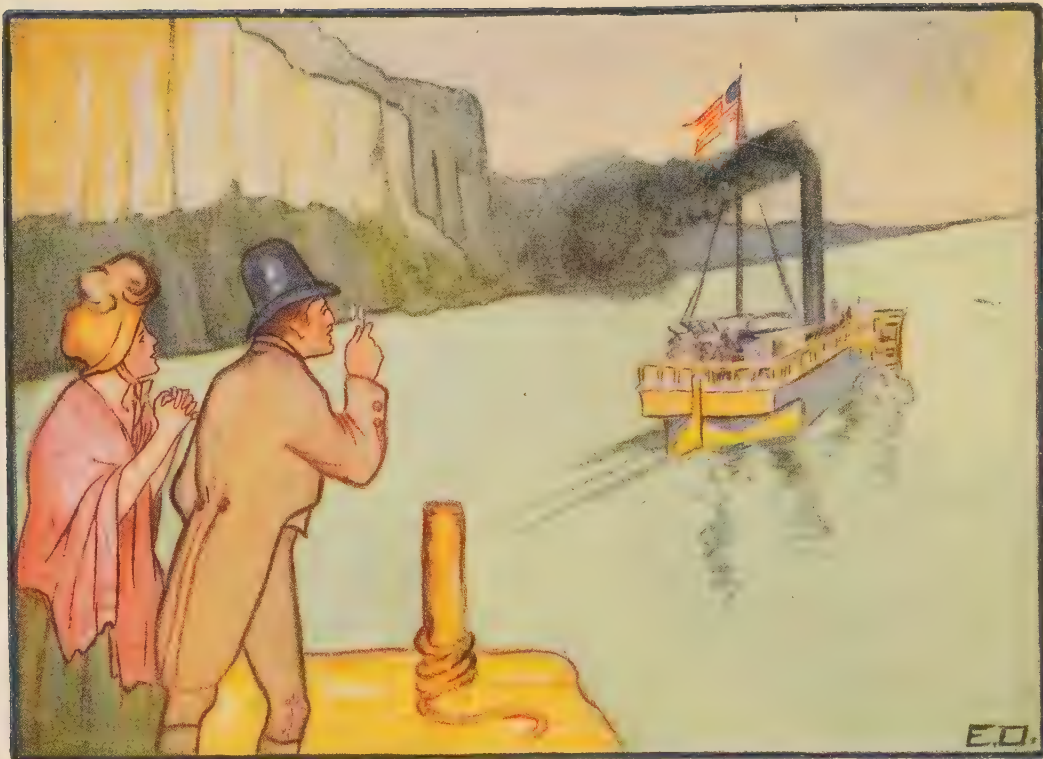
When the United States was young, there were many pirates on the seas. Most of these pirates were Turks, who lived in North Africa. They captured ships by hundreds, made slaves of the sailors, and robbed and burned outrageously. The Kings or Sultans of these pirates grew very rich and powerful. At last the Americans sent a fleet of warships to Africa to punish these Turkish pirates. But the best of these American ships, the *Philadelphia*, ran on a rock and was captured by the Turks. The Turks threw the three hundred American sailors on her into a deep, wet dungeon writhing with snakes, and took the *Philadelphia* for themselves. They anchored her near their city of Tripoli, with two hundred and thirty cannon to guard her. Then a young American captain, Stephen Decatur, decided to burn the *Philadelphia* right under the noses of the Turks, so that those wicked pirates could not use her. Every sailor on the American ships of war begged to go with him on this great adventure, but he could take only seventy. Dressed as Italians they rowed into the harbor of Tripoli at night, straight to the ship *Philadelphia*. Very swiftly they tied their boat to the side of the larger ship, and before the astonished Turks on board could do more than shriek "Americanos" those seventy sailors swarmed up the sides of the *Philadelphia*, and with swords and pistols rushed upon the Turks. Amid wild shouts they hacked and hewed until twenty Turks were killed and the rest, screaming, threw themselves into the black water. Then the Americans poured gunpowder and oil over the ship, set her on fire, and as the flames shot up her masts they climbed down safely into their little boat and rowed away. The guns from the Turkish forts sent cannon balls hurling after them, the Turks from every boat in the harbor fired at them, but not one of them was hurt. This wonderful, brave deed so frightened the Turks that they soon after set free their American prisoners and promised to take no more American ships.



PIRATE





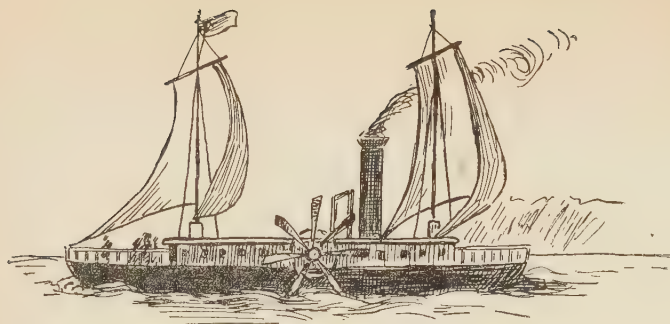


## FULTON'S STEAMBOAT GOES UP THE HUDSON RIVER—1807

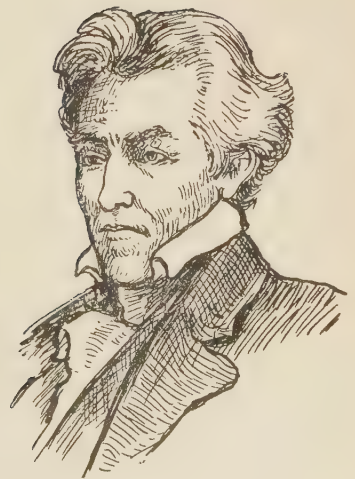
About this time an American, Robert Fulton, built the first steamboat that would really go. Fulton was a handsome young artist from Pennsylvania, whose head was full of his own ideas. When a boy he had made his own skyrockets for the Fourth of July. He went to France to study painting, but instead invented there a torpedo boat which Napoleon was interested in but would not buy. Then he built a trial steamboat, but the very moment Napoleon's agents were to look it over, it sank heavily to the bottom of the Seine. Discouraged, Fulton came home. A wealthy friend of his, Robert Livingston, urged him to build a steamboat on the Hudson. So he put together an ugly, stout little vessel, with a huge smokestack. Livingston said it looked exactly like a sawmill put on a scow and set on fire. Fulton named it the *Clermont* and announced that he was ready to take his friends for a trip up the Hudson River. The people of New York had watched the building of the *Clermont* with sneers and jeers. "Come, let's go down to see the end of Fulton's Folly," they said, and lined the shores to watch it start. Robert Livingston and his daughter, and several others, went on board, though they were rather nervous. And the *Clermont*, with a mighty whistle, and a huge cloud of black smoke, started up stream. Every one cheered wildly. She made a splendid trip. Many people along the banks of the Hudson, seeing her for the first time, took to their heels in fright, thinking a monster had come upon them. After this many steamboats were built and were an immense help to the Americans. They could now travel far, quickly and safely, over the great rivers of their country, east and west and south. On the steamboats they went out into the wilderness by thousands to build new homes and new States.

## THE "CONSTITUTION" AND THE "GUERRIÈRE"—1812

Thirty years after the Americans freed themselves from England they had a second tussle with their old enemy. England had for years treated them very rudely; she knew our new nation had no arms, no navy and little money. At last she grew too insolent. She captured American ships and robbed them; she would not let them sail where they chose, and, worst of all, she claimed the right to stop any American ship and seize any sailor upon it, under pretense that the sailor was an Englishman and should therefore serve on an English ship of war. In this way hundreds of Americans were made to fight on English ships against England's enemies. The Americans grew angry and declared war on England. Now England had very many ships and we had few, yet, to every one's surprise, our few ships won many bloody sea-fights, and the English but one or two. Our first victory was that of the *Constitution*, which fought the *Guerrière*. Captain Hull commanded the good ship *Constitution*, built sixteen years before in Boston, of New England oak and pine. She had sailed in many waters, and helped to conquer Turkish pirates. *Old Ironsides* we called her. She met the *Guerrière* off the New England coast on a smooth evening sea. The *Guerrière* was a smaller ship but very ready to fight; her captain, Dacres, was a bold man too. They tacked about each other, for of course they were sailing vessels, and a lucky shot from *Old Ironsides* shot away one mast of the *Guerrière*. Then the *Guerrière* lunged heavily into the *Constitution*, their rigging became entangled, and they could not get apart. The sailors rushed on the decks of each, and fired muskets at each other, and the heavy guns kept pounding out their bursting shells. The *Guerrière* was caught a little behind the *Constitution*. Soon the American gunners shot away the two remaining masts of the *Guerrière*, so that the poor ship lay helpless, rolling like a log in the water, the muzzles of her guns dipping into the waves. *Old Ironsides* was not hurt, and lived to fight another day.



FULTON'S STEAMBOAT, THE CLERMONT



ANDREW JACKSON



## THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS—1815

In this second war with England the Americans fought very well on sea and very badly on land. However, they won one wonderful battle, the battle of New Orleans. A fiery Indian fighter of Tennessee heard that 12,000 English soldiers were sailing to capture New Orleans and immediately gathered together an army of woodsmen and hunters and with them marched to save the city. This man was Andrew Jackson. During the Revolutionary War, when he was a boy, the British had taken him prisoner. A British officer then ordered him to black the officers' boots, and when little Andrew answered briskly, "I am not a servant to any Briton that breathes," the officer had struck him across the cheek with his sword. Ever afterward Andrew Jackson hated the British. That is why he gathered his buckskin army together and marched night and day to save New Orleans. "There will be time to sleep afterward," he said. Andrew Jackson led a queer mixture of men. Long thin hunters from Tennessee, with coonskin caps and buckskin trousers, were the backbone of the army; there were Spanish and French from New Orleans, fighting for their homes, free negroes and friendly Indians, and even bronzed old sea-pirates, with gold rings in their ears, who manned the cannon. In front of New Orleans his men hastily built strange breastworks of mud and cotton bales and molasses barrels and lay in wait behind them for the British. The English ships arrived and twelve thousand redcoats who had fought the great Napoleon marched out to take the city of New Orleans. Jackson's men quietly watched them come. "Now, boys, make every shot tell," shouted Jackson, and they fired. The British fell by hundreds, but with unfailing courage those behind rushed on. The Americans fired again and again. Every shot told. The British broke and ran, leaving two thousand men dying upon the field. Of Andrew Jackson's men only fifteen were hurt. New Orleans was saved.

## THE MONROE DOCTRINE—1823

After the second war with England the United States was treated with proper respect by England and the other nations of Europe. The Americans were at peace with the world and grew stronger and richer. James Monroe was elected President. He was a gentle Virginian, one of the last of those gentlemen who wore the pretty cocked hat such as Washington wore. They called him "the last cocked hat." While he was President, the Americans were so comfortable and prosperous that men speak of that time as the era of good feeling. During these years, the people of South America and Mexico, who had been ruled by Spain since Columbus discovered America, decided that they would free themselves from Spain forever, just as the Americans had freed themselves from England; whereupon they took arms and drove the Spanish from their land and made themselves free people without kings. Now Spain, France, and Russia, did not like this at all, but the Americans were delighted. "America is for Americans," they declared. They sent messages of cheer to the South American republics and marched by torchlight in their own towns to celebrate the growth of freedom. France and Russia wished to force the Mexicans and South Americans to submit to Spain, but President Monroe suddenly put his foot down, and in the name of the people of the United States he declared that there should be no more European colonies made in America, that the United States would never interfere in the wars of Europe, but that, if the nations of Europe tried to take over any land in North or South America, the United States would fight. This is called the Monroe Doctrine. It means just one thing. "America for the Americans." Spain, France, and Russia heeded the warning, and the Mexicans and South Americans remained free.









DANIEL WEBSTER

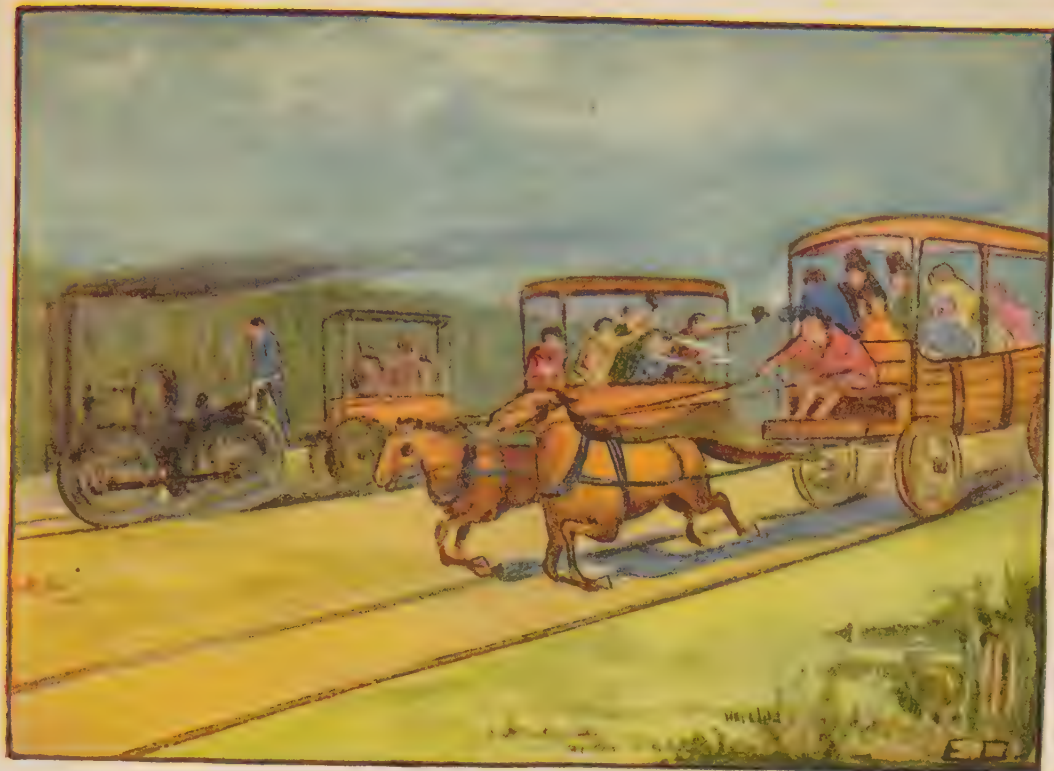
## THE FIRST AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVE—1830

During these peaceful years, the American people spread out into the middle western country; they built canals and good broad roads, and then tried laying iron rails along the ground over which strong horses pulled iron-wheeled wagons. These were the first railways. An Englishman named Stephenson invented a steam locomotive to take the place of horses, but his engine, though it ran very well on straight English roads, could not run on the curved and crooked, up and down roads of hilly America. Puzzled Americans shook their heads and said sadly that we could never have steam railways in our country. But a clever Mr. Cooper of New York was already busily making an American locomotive for crooked American roads. When it was finished it was a tiny, squat affair, no bigger than a hand car, with a boiler smaller than a flour barrel. Of course people laughed at it and said it would never run. But Cooper hitched a horse car to it, filled the car with his excited friends, and went spinning down the rails at the rate of fifteen miles an hour. The man who owned the horse cars and horses challenged Cooper to a race. There were two sets of rails running side by side, so a car drawn by two strong gray horses started down one while Cooper drove his engine down the other. The engine passed the horses with cheers but the belt flew off the wheel, the engine slowed down, gasped and stopped, and the horses won the race. Poor Mr. Cooper cut his hands dreadfully putting the belt back in place, but managed to start his engine again and finish the journey. He was not discouraged, and in a few years his engines were puffing in many States.

## DANIEL WEBSTER BINDS THE STATES TOGETHER

As the United States grew larger more and more men and women poured into it from Europe, eager for freedom and new homes. Many stayed in the Eastern States, but many more filled the raw States of the West. It was important that these new Americans should learn to love and respect their new country and to obey its laws. The great men of America, by their example, taught them this. The greatest of these early statesmen was Daniel Webster, a New England farmer's son. His father had fought with General Washington against the British. Daniel was the youngest son, a thin, delicate boy, with huge dark eyes,—“All Eyes” the boys called him. He loved two things, reading and playing. He read and learned by heart every book in his village, but at farm work he did little. He had a beautiful voice and used to recite the books he knew so well that the workers on the farm listened with delight. His father was poor, but Daniel was so clever that the family went on half rations that he might go to school and college. He grew up a tall, deep-eyed young man, with thick black hair, clean, honest, and hardworking. After college he wanted very much to study law in the office of Mr. Gore of Boston, a wise and clever man whom he did not know. He asked Mr. Gore to take him, and that wise gentleman looked over the tall country fellow carefully and said, “Hang up your hat, young man. I think you will do.” So Daniel hung up his hat and in a very short time became the greatest lawyer in America. He spoke so well and so wisely that men would travel hundreds of miles to hear him. For many years he led the people of the United States, though he was never President. All his life he defended the United States, loved it, worked for it, and taught others to love it too.













## THE FALL OF THE ALAMO—1836

The State of Texas has a gallant history. At first Spain ruled it, then for a long time it was part of Mexico. Many Americans moved there and built new homes, living under the Mexican Government. At last a wicked man, named Santa Anna, became powerful in Mexico. He treated the Texans cruelly, robbed them of their land and money, and at last ordered them to give up their guns to his soldiers. But the Texans loved liberty. They refused to give up their guns and declared Texas a free State. Then Santa Anna, enraged, marched into Texas with six thousand Mexican soldiers. The Texans flew to arms. Santa Anna marched first against the town of San Antonio. In it were one hundred and eighty-five armed Texans under Colonel Travis. These brave men refused to surrender to Santa Anna. Instead, they shut themselves up in an old church called the Alamo, and prepared to defend themselves to the last. Now Santa Anna had six thousand men and many cannon, but so bravely and cleverly did these trapped Texans fight that it took him thirteen days to subdue them. After the Mexicans had pounded the walls of the Alamo with their cannon for twelve days, Colonel Travis called his wearied men together. "Men," he said, "the promised help has not come. But I will never surrender or retreat." Then he drew a line across the floor. "Let every man who is determined to stay here and die with me, cross that line," he cried. "Who will be first? March!" With shouts the men leaped over the line. Men who were sick crawled from their beds and tottered over it. One, Colonel Bowie, who was too ill to rise, asked to be carried over in his cot. Only one man chose to escape. The next day Santa Anna stormed the Alamo. At every door and window the Texans fought, with guns and gun butts, pistols, swords and knives, until at last every one of them lay dead, and about them lay heaped up the bodies of the Mexicans whom they had slain. Colonel Bowie fought bravely from his bed; he too was killed. Santa Anna paid dear for the Alamo. To win it, he sacrificed two thousand of his men.

## THE BATTLE OF SAN JACINTO—1836

General Sam Houston then led the army of Texas against the Mexicans. He was a strong man, without fear, and had lived much among the Indians. He dressed as they did, in buckskin trousers and Mexican blanket. His was a very small army, only seven hundred men, but after the massacre of the Alamo these men swore at whatever cost to drive Santa Anna from their State. They followed the Mexican army, waiting for a chance to strike. Houston was always watchful; he never slept until daylight, then waking his men with three taps of the drum he lay down himself to sleep. At last he trapped Santa Anna between a marsh and a river. Houston ordered the bridge behind his men cut down so that neither the Texans nor the Mexicans could retreat. Then he shouted his watchword, "Remember the Alamo!" and charged. The Mexicans lay behind breastworks. "The Alamo! The Alamo!" went up from Houston's army in a wild scream, and the Texans tore across the open prairie and over the Mexican breastworks, shooting, stabbing, beating. It was their day of vengeance. The Mexicans could not rally. They fled, crying, "It's no use," and every one of them was killed or captured. The proud Santa Anna dressed himself quickly in the clothes of one of his dead soldiers, and ran skulking through the prairie grass. However, he was caught next day and led before General Houston who lay wounded under an oak. Santa Anna looked insolently down upon his conqueror. "You should be a proud man, General," he said, "for you have beaten the Napoleon of the West." Houston treated him with every kindness and later sent him back to Mexico.



THE ALAMO







## THE MEXICAN WAR—1846

Santa Anna promised General Houston that Texas should be free, but as soon as he was safe at home in Mexico he changed his mind, and for many years Mexican soldiers fought with angry Texans along the border of the State. But Texas was really free, and after nine years was taken into the Union and became one of our United States. Soon war broke out between Mexico and the people of the United States, who claimed that Texas was larger than Mexico would admit. The Americans had been at peace for thirty years; they had but a handful of soldiers, but boys and men rushed to enlist, and butchers, bakers, lawyers, doctors, farmers, and clerks, all became soldiers and fought exceedingly well. These men were marched to Mexico; under General Zachary Taylor and General Winfield Scott they pushed across her borders, defeated the Mexicans in every battle, and at last reached the gates of Mexico City itself, where Santa Anna with all that was left of his army had taken his last stand. The Mexicans had fought bravely in every battle, and now tried hard to defend their capital. The old stone castle of Chapultepec stood on a wooded hill overlooking the city. In it were young Mexican boys who were learning to be soldiers, for this castle was a military school like our West Point. Now General Scott decided that the Americans must seize this castle before they could capture the city. Santa Anna had stationed eight hundred soldiers there to help the cadets defend it, and it bristled with guns. The Americans charged up the hill, crouched for a moment under rocks and in hollows to pick off the Mexican gunners with rifle shots, then rushed across the castle ditch, planted ladders against the walls and scrambled up like monkeys. The first climbers fell back, dead or wounded, but more pushed on. They gained the parapet, drove the Mexicans from the windows, and forced them over the walls, then reached the roof, ran up the American flag, and the castle was theirs. But those poor brave boys of Mexico, those cadets of the castle who had been learning to be soldiers, had learned their lesson well, for each one had fallen, fighting bravely for his country, and each had died that day a soldier's death.

After the city of Mexico had fallen peace was declared, and the United States took from Mexico, California, New Mexico, and Arizona. In return we paid Mexico \$15,000,000. After this war the United States stretched from sea to sea, from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean.



MEXICAN



6 MILK DELIVERY IN MEXICO



## MORSE INVENTS THE TELEGRAPH—1844

A great many useful things have been invented by citizens of our United States. One of these is the electric telegraph, by which we can send in a very few minutes a message round the earth. The man who invented the telegraph was a painter of very good pictures, Samuel Finley Morse. Though he had studied electricity, he expected to be a painter always. But one day, as he was crossing the ocean, he talked with some others on the ship of magnets and electric sparks. As he talked, there popped suddenly into his head the idea of sending messages over electric wires and recording them with magnets. All that day he sat drawing plans of instruments for sending such messages. Too excited to sleep, he spent the night working out his plan. When Morse went ashore he said to the Captain, "Remember, Captain, when you hear of the electric telegraph, that it was invented on your good ship *Sully*." But though Morse was sure his telegraph would succeed, no one else was interested in it. Morse himself could think of nothing else. He shut himself up in a little room and made his delicate instruments. He slept and ate in his little room, cooking his own meals, for he was poor. At last his telegraph instruments worked well, but he had no money to build the first test line. He went to Washington and asked the United States Government to advance him money, offering to sell to the Government his wonderful invention. The men of Congress laughed. Sending messages by wires was simply impossible, they said. However, they grudgingly gave him \$30,000 to build the first telegraph line. Morse and his friends, all excitement, strung the wires from Washington to Baltimore and then from the Capitol of the United States sent the first message, "What God hath wrought." Before many years had passed, the world was strung with wires and all the kings of the earth had showered medals and gifts upon Samuel Finley Morse.

## THE DISCOVERY OF GOLD IN CALIFORNIA—1848

Poor Mexico gave up more than she knew when she surrendered California to the United States, for just two weeks before peace was declared gold was discovered in California, whole mountain sides and river beds of gold, so that California became at once the richest part of the Union. An old Swiss named Sutter had started a saw-mill on the American River in California. The man who was building it, a man named Marshall, saw some glittery yellow specks in the mill race one morning. He picked them out and hammered them. They were bright and heavy and yet would not break. Marshall's eyes grew wide. He sprang up and shouted to a carpenter working on the mill, "I've found it!" "Found what?" said the carpenter. "Gold, gold," shouted Marshall. "You're off your head," said the carpenter, and went on with his work. But Marshall seized a horse and rode pell-mell down to Sutter's ranch. He showed the glittery rocks to Sutter. Sutter took down his encyclopedia and read what it had to say about gold. Then he tested the nuggets. "It's gold, all right," he said. Marshall was half wild with excitement. He and all the men at the mill stopped work and began to wash gold out of the river sands. In a month or two every man in California had stopped work. Fields were left half planted, houses half built, stores left empty; every one was up and away to the mountains to wash gold from the rivers. The soldiers left their barracks, the sailors left their ships. In another month or two letters began to reach the Eastern cities telling about gold free for the taking. Men doubted, wondered, and then arose and started west, first hundreds of them, then thousands, then tens of thousands. At the end of a year seventy-seven thousand people had poured into California, by sea or land, looking for gold. Many of them found it and grew rich, but many more did not.







PRAIRIE SCHOONER TRAVELING ACROSS THE PLAINS



## PRAIRIE SCHOONERS CROSS THE GREAT PLAINS—1830-1860

Long before gold was discovered in California many thousands of men, women, and children had crossed America to find new homes in the wild Western country. There were no railways then, and no roads; only beaten paths or Indian trails across these thousands of miles of plains and mountains and deserts. Trappers and fur-traders were the first to cross. Then men heard of farm lands in the West free for the taking and many began to pack all they had in great white-topped wagons. Into these they put their food and furniture, their wives and children, behind them they tied their cows, pigs and horses, then with slow-moving oxen to draw them, they started out along the trapper's trails toward the setting sun. Every year more and more of these white-topped wagons started west; "prairie schooners," they were called, because they were like wheeled ships on a sea of sand. They had to cross hundreds of miles of hot deserts where water-holes were few; they had to climb steep barren mountains where at almost any moment a blizzard might sweep down upon them and bury them in snow. Often and often the tired animals would die of thirst or hunger, and the poor travelers would leave their wagons behind and trudge desperately on afoot or in despair turn back. Much of this Western country too was filled with crafty Indians, who wanted no white men on their hunting grounds. These Indians loved to lie in wait for the little bands of settlers and dash suddenly upon them, killing the men and horses, burning the white-topped carts. Each pioneer carried a gun both night and day; even the little boys had guns and the women too. Theirs was a dangerous and anxious journey. And yet, though many died of hunger or thirst on the way and many were killed, many more lived to build new homes in the West and to make new States there of strong and valiant people.

## THE CIVIL WAR—1861-1865

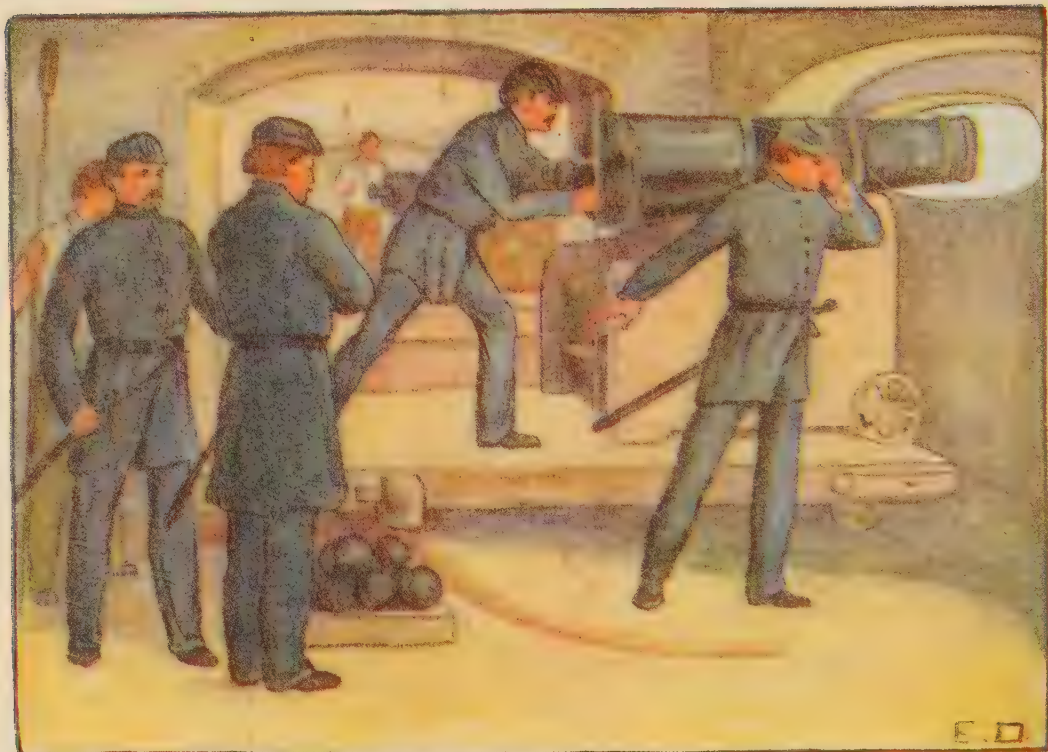
And now we come to the saddest time in the history of our United States, the time of civil war, a war of Americans against Americans, the men of the North fighting against the men of the South. Before this war there were thirty-one States in the Union and the American people had grown powerful and rich. But all was not well with them for the people of the North and the people of the South had begun to quarrel. In the North there were large cities, many factories, many ships sailing to far countries; the men of the North were men of business. In the South there were few large cities, few factories or shipyards; the men of the South were planters of cotton, sugar and rice. Throughout the South were great plantations, with a beautiful big house in the center and long rows of little cabins behind from which negro slaves went out each morning to work and in which they danced far into the night. These very slaves were the cause of the quarrel between the Northern and Southern people. As the years passed, the people of the North began to cry out loudly against slavery, saying that all men, white or black, should be free and equal. They said it was an evil and wicked thing that black men and women, heavy chains on their hands and feet, should be sold in the markets of the South like cattle. They wanted to free the millions of slaves already in the South and when new States were made out of the Western country, they declared that no slavery should be allowed there. The people of the South grew angry. Most of them were kindly people, who treated their negroes well. They thought that without negro slaves they could not cultivate their hot, wet fields and that by freeing the slaves their country would be ruined. So these Southern people declared that the negroes were happy as slaves; that the law of the United States permitted slaves and that each State should be allowed to do as it pleased in the matter.













## FORT SUMTER IS FIRED ON—1861

In the midst of this quarrel Abraham Lincoln, who hated slavery, was elected President of the United States. Immediately the men of the South met together and declared that Abraham Lincoln should never be their President. They said that their Southern States should no longer be a part of the United States of America, but instead should be called the Confederate States of America, and that their President should be Jefferson Davis. They left the Union. When some one in their meeting asked, "What if this leads to war?" the others shouted, "It cannot lead to war." Yet war did follow. Abraham Lincoln became President and at once declared that no State should leave the Union, and he called for seventy-five thousand Union soldiers to keep the States together.

The first shot of the war was fired in South Carolina at a strong square fort called Sumter in the harbor there. In it were United States soldiers. When the Governor of South Carolina asked them to leave because the fort stood in Confederate waters, they answered that the fort belonged to the United States and therefore it was their duty to remain. No one knew just what to do. The Southerners did not wish to fire the first shot. They went again to the commander of Fort Sumter and asked him to depart in peace. He refused, but as the Southerners left he grasped their hands. "If we never meet again in this world, God grant we may in the next," he said. Greatly moved and excited, the Southern soldiers returned to their battery and prepared their cannon for the first shot. Robert Pryor, a brave Southerner, was asked to fire it, but he turned away his head and said huskily, "Ah, no, I could not fire the first gun of the war." Others fired it. Fort Sumter guns replied. After a three-day bombardment, the fort surrendered. War between the North and South had begun. This war lasted four years, and in it six hundred thousand men lost their lives.

## THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN—1861

The real battles of the war did not begin until months after the firing on Fort Sumter. Neither the North or South had a proper army. Thousands of men rushed to enlist, but though they were good fighters they were not yet good soldiers. They were not used to obeying orders. They were apt in the midst of drill to lay down their guns and stroll away while their officers helplessly raged. They thought soldiering meant only fighting. Some Southern soldiers when told to dig trenches answered proudly that they had come to fight, not to use a pick and shovel. There were few uniforms ready, and those that were ready did not fit. Many a brave fellow, eager to charge, had his courage dampened by trousers four inches too long and shirt sleeves barely reaching his elbows. Curious things they put into their knapsacks for their first march,—boots, towels, night shirts, looking glasses, preserves, cough mixtures. Some started off with sheet iron stoves and some with umbrellas. Poor fellows! After their first long march they gladly threw these things away and dragged into camp with only their blankets, guns and cartridges. Three months after Fort Sumter's fall, the first great battle of the war was fought,—the Battle of Bull Run. Eighteen thousand Federal soldiers marched from the city of Washington into Virginia, eighteen thousand Confederates met them at Bull Run Creek, and after a day's hard fighting drove them back. Few of these men had ever before heard the roar of cannon, but they fought like heroes, and hundreds fell. Suddenly at the day's end the Northern soldiers decided they had had enough. Though their officers screamed and swore at them and even with tears begged them to stay, they started hot foot back to Washington. This victory made the Southerners feel that they had taught the Northerners to leave them alone, but, in fact, the North had only just begun to fight.





CONFEDERATE BATTLE FLAG





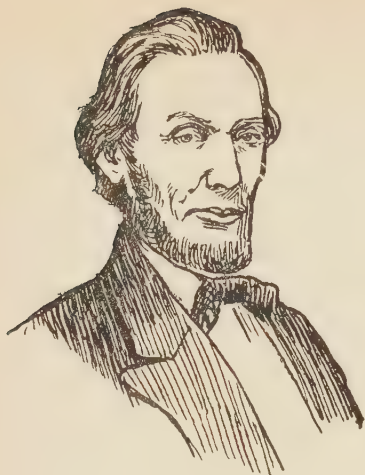
## ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Through all the years of the war, Abraham Lincoln was President of the United States. Lincoln was born in a Kentucky log cabin. When he was seven years old his father put all he had into an oxcart and set out for Indiana. Little Abraham sat on the front seat of the cart and cracked the whip. His father built in Indiana a one-roomed cabin. There was a little dark attic above. Little Abraham used to climb up into it every night by pegs driven into the wall and slept on dry leaves in a corner. His family was very poor; often they had only roasted potatoes for dinner; but they were happy. Abraham grew strong and tall; six feet and four inches tall, the strongest boy in his county. When he was seventeen his father moved to Illinois. Abraham helped to build the new log cabin there. He and his father split three thousand rails that summer. He went to school "by littles," but he learned to read, and read every book he could borrow. He worked at farming all day, but at night he piled logs on the fire and by their light did sums and practised writing on shovel backs or boards. He grew to be a wise and kind man with a gift for telling stories. Men used to come at night from miles around to sit by the stove of the village store and listen to the wit of "Honest Abe." He became a river-boat man, then a storekeeper, then a lawyer, but whatever his occupation men flocked to listen to him, for his thoughts were clear and helpful. And at last, because he was wise, honest, and absolutely without fear, he was made President. It was Abraham Lincoln who set free the negro slaves. During the war he declared there should never again be slaves in the United States. After the war this declaration was made law.

## THE SOUTHERN COMMANDER, LEE

The great man of the South during these years of war was Robert E. Lee. Lincoln was a statesman and President of the United States. Lee was a soldier and the greatest general of the Confederacy. And yet when the war began Robert E. Lee was the man first asked by President Lincoln to lead the Northern armies. For thirty-five years Lee had been an officer in the army of the United States, and when eleven Southern States left the Union it was Lee whom Lincoln asked to force them to return. Lee answered that he could take no part in an attack upon the Southern States. In the South he had been born and his fathers had been born. His heart was with the people of the South. He therefore resigned from the army of the United States. A few days later he was made General of the Southern army in Virginia. Nothing could show more clearly how closely the North and South of our United States were bound together than this; that each side chose the same man to command its armies.

General Lee was a tall, handsome man, with quiet eyes and a gentle smile. His father was "Light Horse Harry" Lee who had led George Washington's cavalry all through our war with England. It was a great sorrow to Lee that the States which George Washington had bound together had been broken apart by quarrels over slavery. He was like a father to his soldiers; he refused any comfort that they could not have. Food became very scarce in the Southern army. General Lee lived on cabbage for days together. One day he entertained several generals at dinner in his tent, and the dinner was a dish of boiled cabbage but on top of it was a small piece of salt pork. The piece was so small that each general in turn refused politely to take any of it and it was left untouched. The next day as Lee's cabbage was served he asked for that bit of pork. "Lor' Massa," his black cook answered, "I jes' borrowed that piece o' pork for the 'casion and I'se done returned it."



ABRAHAM LINCOLN





LINCOLN'S CABIN

## THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG—1863

The army of men in blue from the North, the Army of the Potomac, as it was called, advanced again and again into Virginia, but though fearless and strong, it did little against the army of General Lee. At last in the battle of Chancellorsville, the Northern army was badly beaten and General Lee led his victorious men in gray across the Potomac River and on into the State of Pennsylvania to raid that Northern country. Hidden by mountains, the Southern army, half barefoot, marched north until it reached Pennsylvania. But the beaten army of the North was quickly put in shape again under General Meade, a brave and patient man. With this blue army, General Meade followed the Southern army, keeping between Lee and the City of Washington. These were mighty armies indeed,—one hundred thousand men in blue marching to meet seventy thousand men in gray. These were not raw fighters who had not yet learned to be soldiers, but veterans who for two years had followed their flag. They carried no iron stoves or umbrellas now. They had grown used to fighting and long marches. They were real soldiers, often very dusty and dirty, and those in gray often without caps or shoes and ragged beside.

General Lee did not know just where Meade's men were and General Meade knew as little about Lee, but mile by mile they drew nearer until on the first of July, about four thousand of Lee's men left the mountains to look for shoes in the little town of Gettysburg and came face to face with the advance guard of Meade. Thus suddenly began the greatest battle of the war, the battle of Gettysburg. It raged three days. Those were days of terrible slaughter. The roar of the cannon was more dreadful than thunder or earthquake. Brave men on both sides fell by thousands. At first the Southern men in gray swept back the men in blue. But at the end of the first day General Meade placed his men and guns on a high ridge and held his ground so firmly there that the men in gray could get no foothold. At last General Lee ordered one last charge to break the Union line. Under fire from the Northern guns, ten thousand men in gray, under General Pickett's command, swept across a mile of open field, dashed up the slope and drove the Union gunners from their places. A shell from Southern cannon burst through the roof of the little house where General Meade sat giving orders. The Northern line seemed broken. General Armistead of the South leapt on the Union wall and shouted, "Boys, give 'em the cold steel." But as he shouted he fell. Fresh troops in blue rushed in upon his men from both sides and the gray line was hurled back across the mile of open field, hundreds upon hundreds falling as they fought. Shattered and broken, they could not charge again. So on that third of July the day was won for the Union and the army of General Lee was driven back to the mountains and began its retreat to Virginia. The spot where General Armistead fell is called the high-water mark of the rebellion. "No one died on that field with more glory than he; yet many died and there was much glory."







GEN. GRANT



## GENERAL GRANT TAKES A SOUTHERN CITY—1863

Not only in Virginia and near the City of Washington was the Civil War fought. Northern armies marched into Tennessee and Mississippi and great efforts were made to capture the towns lying along the Mississippi River to open that waterway again to Union ships. After months of bloody fighting the Confederates were driven from all the large cities on the river except one, Vicksburg in Mississippi. Vicksburg stood upon a high bluff, the Mississippi at its feet, and behind it swamps and rough hills. To capture it required patience and skill. This hard task was given to Ulysses S. Grant, the greatest general fighting for the North. Unconditional Surrender Grant, his men called him. He was a short, stocky man who talked little. Not a very soldierly looking man, for he often forgot to wear his sword and would go about with his uniform unbuttoned, chewing a cigar. But what he undertook to do, he did, so that President Lincoln said of him, "I cannot spare that man. He fights." Grant tried for months to besiege Vicksburg. To do this he had to leave the river and march behind the city where a Southern army lay in wait. The difficulty was in feeding his men. If he left the river, he would leave his food supply, which came in boats from the North. At last Grant, in desperation, landed his men below Vicksburg, told them to put three days' food in their knapsacks and make it last five, then marched straight into the enemy's country. This daring move succeeded. Grant defeated the Southern army, drove it back into Vicksburg, and then with Union gunboats in front and Union armies behind it, he settled down to starve out the city. All through these months of marching and fighting his young son, thirteen years old, stayed with him. On July fourth Vicksburg surrendered to Grant. The Southern soldiers who had been living on mules, rats and unripe corn for weeks were soon cracking jokes with the men in blue, and eating bread given them from blue knapsacks.

## THE "MONITOR" AND THE "MERRIMAC"—1862

Until our Civil War, all ships, even ships of war, were made of wood. Now, they are made of steel. A single sea-fight changed the great ships of the world from wood to steel,—the fight between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac*. The *Merrimac* belonged to the South. She was a captured wooden ship, but far-seeing Southerners had cut her down and covered her sides with plates of heavy iron, through which the noses of her guns were thrust. She looked like a great turtle. Her engines were old, she was as hard to turn as Noah's ark, but she was iron-clad and the shells of other ships could not hurt her. With this curious ship the Confederates steamed into Chesapeake Bay straight at the tall wooden sailing ships of the Northern navy. There the *Merrimac* sank the two largest ships and disabled a third. Her iron sides were unhurt. The people of the South rejoiced. The people of the North were terribly frightened. "One such iron ship can destroy all of our wooden navy," they cried. "The *Merrimac* will sail into our harbors and throw cannon balls into our cities. What are we to do?" But something had already been done. A Northern man named Ericsson had heard of the building of the *Merrimac* and had constructed another sort of iron ship, called the *Monitor*. This flat little boat was being towed to Chesapeake Bay and the morning after the *Merrimac's* victory, when she steamed out to finish up the Union navy, these two ships met. The *Monitor* looked like a tin can on a shingle, but she was iron from bow to stern and very little of her showed above the water. The two strange craft banged at each other for hours but neither could hurt the other. One gunner of the *Merrimac* stopped firing. "I could damage that cheesebox," he said, "as much with a snap of my thumb as with a cannon ball." At last the ships parted and the *Merrimac* steamed back to her harbor. The *Monitor* unhurt had saved the Union navy. All the nations of the world hastened to change their wooden warships into ships of iron.











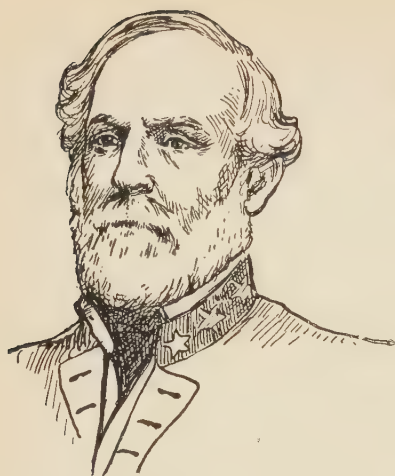


## ADMIRAL FARRAGUT IN MOBILE BAY—1864

Though the United States had only two ships of war when the Civil War began, and the Confederate States had none, both North and South began to build them at once. As the North had more iron foundries, ship-yards, and money, the Northern ships were ready quickly and in a short time Northern gunboats lay along the Southern coast to keep ships loaded with food or guns from reaching the Southern people. One by one the Southern harbors were captured. The last to be taken was Mobile Bay in Alabama. It was captured by Admiral Farragut, the great commander of the Union navy. He did many bold things as the war went on, but the boldest was his dash into Mobile Bay. The bay had strong Southern forts at its mouth and a row of sunken torpedoes across its entrance and within it was the strongest ship in the world at that time, the Southern iron-clad *Tennessee*. Farragut's ships were of wood, except his four little monitors, but he lashed them together two by two and with the monitors in the lead ordered full steam ahead past the powerful guns of the Southern forts. A rain of cannon balls was hurled against his ships, and to add to the horror, the first monitor struck a torpedo, staggered and went down. For a moment the ships stood still but Admiral Farragut rushed his ship on, steamed headlong over the sunken torpedoes, passed the iron-clad *Tennessee*, and, followed by his fleet, anchored in Mobile Bay. Strange to say, the remaining torpedoes did not explode. In the smoke of the fight Farragut had climbed high up on the mast so that he might see more clearly and one of his men, seeing him there, and fearing that he might be wounded and fall, hurried after him with a rope and lashed him to the mast. There the brave old gentleman directed the fight, aloft like a gallant figurehead, as the shells burst round him.

## THE SURRENDER OF LEE—1865

During the fourth year of the war, General Grant was put in command of the Union armies in Virginia and for months, with this powerful blue army, he battered, battered against the gray lines of General Lee, never resting, never discouraged. On each side the men were equally brave and equally stubborn. Grant, however, had almost twice as many men as Lee and step by step the men in gray fell back until they intrenched themselves before the city of Richmond. There, hammer though he might, Grant could not stir them. So he settled down to starve them out; the Union armies came up to join him from the South and at last, at the end of ten months, Lee was forced to surrender. Then General Lee and General Grant, who had been fighting desperately against each other for so long, met quietly in an old farmhouse and signed the papers that were to bring peace again to our United States. They had seen each other only once before, long ago when both were fighting bravely for the United States, against Mexico. General Grant was most fair and kind. He allowed the Southern soldiers to return to their homes and to take their horses with them. General Lee asked that his men might have food; they had had nothing but a little parched corn for days. General Grant sent them food at once. Then General Lee went back to his men, and with bared head and tears running down his cheeks, said good-by to them, telling them to go back to their homes and become again citizens of the United States. The war was over. Great was the rejoicing in the North. And the one man above all others who felt happiness that day was Abraham Lincoln. His great wish had come true. The slaves were free and the thirty-one States were again one nation.



ROBERT E. LEE







## RUSSIA SELLS US A COLD COUNTRY—1867

After the Civil War was ended, the United States bought from Russia a great piece of land jutting out into the Pacific Ocean, farther north than any of the States. It is called Alaska. At first the American people were rather angry with their Government for buying Alaska. They knew little about it and thought it only a waste of snowfields. It is a strange land. In it are smoking volcanoes and rivers of ice, miles of forests and miles of treeless country, called tundra, covered with moss three feet deep. There are whales, seal, walrus, and many fish in its waters. There are bear, fox, muskox and reindeer on its land. Indians and Eskimos live there, who, instead of horses, harness to their sledges bristly, curved-tailed Alaskan dogs. To-day the American people are very glad that Alaska is theirs. The northern part of it is indeed a land of bitter cold, where the sun shines only half the year and then shines all day and all night too. But this land of the midnight sun proved the best part of Alaska, because, just twenty-five years after Alaska was bought, two men discovered there a river really paved with gold. Glittering bits of gold shone in the sand of the river bottom and along the river banks; and this gold had no owner. When the world heard of it, men eager for free gold rushed to Alaska by hundreds and then by thousands. They found in the Far North not one but many river beds yellow with gold; the very sands of the seashore shone with it. But these gold-seekers had a terrible journey to make before they arrived at the northern gold fields. With packs on their backs they toiled over mountains white with snow and slippery with ice; they marched down frozen rivers. Many of them never reached the yellow sands. Great masses of snow from the high hills sometimes swept down upon them, burying them forever; sometimes they froze, sometimes they starved. Yet as more men pushed into Alaska, the small towns there grew larger, stores were opened, railroads built and now many thousands of Americans have their homes there.

## A RAILROAD JOINS THE EAST AND WEST—1869

At first the people who lived in the far western part of our country felt very much alone. If they wished to return to their old homes a weary journey by oxcart or horseback lay before them. Letters from their friends in the East took three or four months to reach them. Even after the roads became really good the stage coaches that carried the mails to the West took more than a month for the trip. For a time fast ponies with clever riders carried the mails to California, but the riders rode night and day at terrific speed and riders and horses were changed at stations all along the way, in order to cover nineteen hundred miles in ten days. Great was the joy of the people of the West therefore when it was at last decided to build an iron trail, a railroad track, straight across the United States from sea to sea. The building of this first track was a great adventure. Railroads had already been built as far west as the Missouri River, but beyond the Missouri lay the wild unknown country. Through this country the course of the railroad was carefully mapped out, then two lines of track were started at the same time, one going west from the Missouri River, one east from San Francisco Bay. They were to be built toward each other and where they met they were to be joined and so bring East to West. For three years thousands of men worked like mad laying this longest track; Chinamen worked on the western line, Irishmen, on the eastern. Angry Indians who wanted no more white men in their hunting grounds hovered about like vultures. Sometimes they would pull up the track, tear down the telegraph wires, kill the engineers and workmen. At last, on the bare hills of Utah, the two tracks came together. One last rail was laid by the Chinese, one by the Irish. The Governor of California drove a last spike of gold into the last tie. Then an Eastern engine and a Western engine met nose to nose upon the track and the crowd cheered.





UNION SOLDIER



COSTUME DURING CIVIL WAR

## THE INDIANS FIGHT FOR THEIR LAND—1876

When white men first came to America, as you know, they found the red men in possession, roaming free from north to south. America was the red man's country. But the white men pushed them farther and farther west, fought them, took their lands from them and often cheated them and mistreated them. The Indians were forced across the Mississippi and out upon the plains and mountains of the West. Our Government tried to treat them fairly and gave them land in the West for their own. But white settlers began to pour into that land too, and the Indians, watching them come, grew more angry and savage. When the railroad was built through to California the Indians decided that the time had come to make a last great fight against the white men, and all through the West their painted braves went on the war path, burning towns and killing settlers. At last the soldiers of the United States were sent to subdue them. But to subdue them was no easy matter. These Indians were brave and crafty. They had good guns and strong ponies and they had learned something of the white men's ways. They did all their fighting on horseback, their naked bodies painted in gay colors and their ponies painted too. They rode without saddle or bridle, whooping and screaming madly as they rode. It was not pleasant or easy to fight them. The soldiers learned that the best way was to creep up on their villages stealthily and take them by surprise.

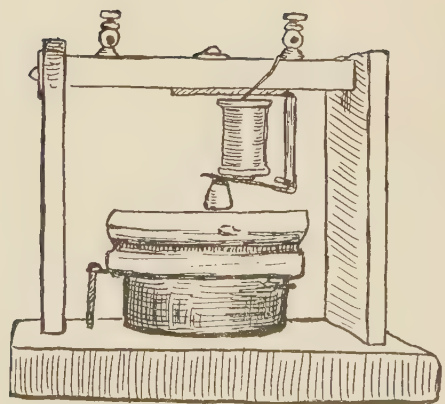
One of the bravest of the American officers who fought against the Indians was General Custer. He was a slim, tall fellow, young and active and rash, who had fought bravely in the Civil War. He was a showy fellow too and wore his hair in long yellow curls over his shoulders, so that his men, who loved him, called him "Old Curly," and the Indians, who feared him, called him "Big Chief Long Yellow Hair." For ten years he led his horsemen against the Indians but in his last charge he fell. He had crept one day with his men close to a great Indian village on the Little Big Horn River. The cleverest and most cruel of the Indian chiefs were at its head; "Sitting Bull," and "Rain-in-the-Face," "Little Horn" and "Crazy Horse," who had led many a wicked raid against the whites. Custer divided his regiment into three divisions and ordered his men to attack the village at three different points. But things went wrong that day. There were more Indians than he had guessed, thousands of them; more Indians than had ever before fought together at one time. They penned two of his divisions in a little valley, and then turning hurled themselves by hundreds on Custer and his two hundred men. They caught him in a little hollow, and round and round the hollow they circled, screaming and shooting. Their guns were new and good. The guns of the soldiers were old and the cartridges stuck in them. At the end of that dreadful day Custer and every one of his two hundred men lay dead. They died fighting, and of all that band only Custer's beautiful horse "Comanche" escaped. For years afterward "Comanche" was the pet of those sorrowful few who were left of Custer's regiment. But though Custer fell, his last charge broke the spirit of the Indians. They were sick of the struggle. Many went to Canada and others tried to live peacefully where our Government told them to live. But very many died of drink and disease and heart-break. We have little to be proud of in our treatment of that once-proud race.



E.D.







BELL'S FIRST TELEPHONE

## BELL INVENTS THE TELEPHONE—1876

Very much less than fifty years ago there were no telephones at all. Though the world was old, no one in it had ever thought or dreamed of telephones. The man who invented the telephone was Alexander Graham Bell who lived in Boston and taught deaf and dumb children to read the lips of others and often to speak. Bell knew a great deal about speech and sound. He was also interested in electricity. For three years he worked in the cellar of a friend, for he himself was poor, trying to make waves of electricity carry sound along a wire, and at last he did it. He was a tall thin, black-haired man, with fiery eyes. When he heard the first tiny sound come over the wire he almost fainted with excitement. But other people were not so interested as he. Bell worked on alone at his instrument and at last took it to Philadelphia to show it at a great fair there. The United States was just one hundred years old that year and the Fair was held to celebrate its birthday. Bell was given a little table for his telephone in a corner of a big building. For days nobody looked his way. Then the Judges of the Exposition passed by and Bell jumped up to explain his telephone to them, but the Judges were not interested and were just going on, with a sniff, when to Bell's immense surprise the Emperor and Empress of Brazil marched in with a gay company and the Emperor seized Bell's hand. Long ago he had visited Bell's school for the deaf and dumb and remembered it with pleasure. After that all was smooth sailing. The Emperor sat down at the telephone, the Judges waited to watch him, and Bell went across the room and spoke over the wires. The Emperor dropped the receiver in utter amazement. "My God, it talks," he said. Then each of the Judges was eager to try it, and from that time the telephone was the greatest success of the Fair. In a very few years there were telephones in every State in the Union. Bell became a rich and honored man.

## THE WIZARD OF ELECTRICITY—1879

There is one great American who has done much to amuse and entertain the world. This man invented the electric light, the phonograph, and the moving picture. His name is Thomas Edison, and he has invented many other things beside, such as electric cars and electric railroads. His father was too poor to send him to school. When twelve, he began to earn his own living, selling papers on railway trains. However, he read everything he could find, even books on chemistry and electricity. Electricity interested him most. He would watch telegraph operators for hours, asking endless questions. One day little Thomas Edison saw the baby of a station agent playing on the track and behind it a freight car rolling swiftly down. Edison leaped for the baby and flung it across the tracks just in time to save it. The baby's father was so grateful that he offered to teach Edison telegraphy. That was Edison's start in life. He became a telegraph operator. Soon his clear mind saw many ways in which Morse's telegraph instrument could be improved, so he improved it. By improving the telegraph he made money enough to try other improvements. Up to this time oil lamps, candles and gas were the only lights used. Many men had tried to make electric lamps but could make none that would burn longer than a few hours. Edison determined to make a perfect electric lamp. He had first to find something that would burn for days to use as a filament for his lamp. He was a wonderfully patient man. One by one he tried every material in the world; all the metals, all the plants. At last he found a Japanese bamboo that would do. He made his lamp and turned on the electricity. Then he and his helpers sat down to watch. Hour after hour it burned; a day, a night, another day and far into a second night, as Edison and his men sat watching. At last after forty hours' burning it grew dim and went out. Edison went to bed and slept, a happy man. He had perfected electric light.











## THE UNITED STATES GIVES AWAY ITS LAND

Each new region that was added to our United States brought into the Union millions of miles of land, forests and deserts, mountains and plains, which no man owned. The Government of the United States decided to give a great deal of this land to men and women who needed a farm and a home. Any one who wished to own one hundred and sixty acres of it could do so by simply "staking a claim," that is by going to the land, building a house upon it and living there five years. Of course thousands of Americans went out gladly to live upon these free lands, and many who were not yet Americans, many Germans, French, Dutch, Swedes and English, came across the ocean and swore to become American citizens in order to claim a share of it. Later, as the Indians grew few and scattered, the land which the Government had once given to the Indians for their own, was thrown open to white settlers. Those were exciting days, those days of the great land rush. All who wished a share of this long-forbidden Indian country came weeks ahead to its boundary line. On a certain day at a certain hour they were to cross the border and stake their claims. Soldiers stood at intervals all along the line to keep out those who tried to cross too soon. All sorts of people, good and bad, rich and poor, crowded along the boundary for miles, on horseback, mule back, in wagons and prairie schooners, some on bicycles and some in running shoes, ready to race for land. Promptly on the hour the soldiers fired their signal. Over the border shot the thousands and the race began. They spread like a veil over the vast open country and each drove his stake where he could. Then they began to build. Tents, dugouts, cabins, and whole towns sprang up in a day, stores opened, newspapers started, and even churches rose, staked out by bishops who had joined the race.

## SPAIN IS CRUEL TO CUBA

Our country has fought five wars. The fifth was fought against Spain and lasted four months. There was no fighting, however, either in Spain or in the United States. All the fighting was done on the islands south of Florida or far out in the Pacific Ocean. You will remember that shortly after Columbus discovered America he landed on the Island of Cuba and took that island in the name of Spain. The Spanish people ruled Cuba for four hundred years. The Cubans were forced to do exactly as Spain told them, to give up their land and their money. Often they were thrown into prison without reason and sometimes killed. The Cuban people, poor and unhappy, took arms against the Spanish soldiers but again and again they were beaten down and treated more cruelly than before. At last they grew desperate. Bands of angry Cubans marched through the country burning the sugar cane, tearing down Spanish houses and killing Spaniards. The Spaniards, to stop this kind of warfare, did a cruel and dreadful thing. They ordered their soldiers to bring into all the towns where Spanish soldiers were stationed every man, woman and child who lived out in the country or in the small villages. Hundreds of thousands of poor people who had been living peaceful, busy lives were gathered together and driven into the towns and there they were kept with nothing to do, and without enough food or clothing until half of them had died of starvation or of fever. The people of the United States begged Spain to be more merciful but Spain would not listen. At last the Americans felt that such cruelty could not be permitted. Just at this time an American battleship, the *Maine*, while she lay in Cuban waters, was blown up with a terrific explosion, no one knows how, and two hundred of her men were killed or drowned. The Americans, thinking Spaniards had sunk the *Maine*, declared that Spain should be driven from Cuba forever and that the Cuban people should be free. War was declared. "Remember the *Maine*" became our watchword, and our battleships and soldiers were prepared for fight with Spain.



*W. M. W.*

SOLDIER DURING CIVIL WAR







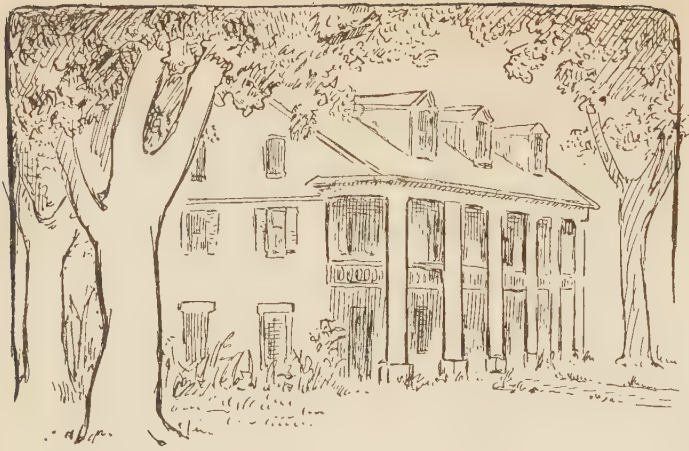


## ADMIRAL DEWEY SINKS THE SHIPS OF SPAIN—1898

To every one's surprise the first battle of our war with Spain was not fought in Cuba at all but ten thousand miles away on the far side of the Pacific Ocean. Spain had owned for hundreds of years large islands in the Pacific, called the Philippine Islands. When war was declared a fleet of Spanish battleships lay near these islands, and a fleet of American battleships, under Admiral Dewey, lay off the China Coast not so very far away. Admiral Dewey was ordered to capture or destroy these Spanish ships and, in a wonderfully short time, he did as he was told. With his six ships of war he sailed straight into Manila Bay where the thirteen ships of the Spanish fleet were hiding. The guns of the Spanish forts near the city of Manila fired upon the American ships as they sailed in but did no damage. That night the two hostile fleets lay quiet in the same bay. At five o'clock next morning the battle began. The American ships in a long line sailed in front of the anchored Spanish fleet. The guns of the Spanish ships and forts fired heavily upon them, but the Americans did not fire a shot until they were very close. Then Admiral Dewey turned to the Captain of his flag-ship and said coolly, "You may fire when you are ready, Gridley." Five times the American ships passed the anchored Spaniards, pouring shells upon them. Then they steamed out of range, the sailors ate breakfast and at eleven o'clock steamed back again to finish their work. The Spaniards were brave and fought well, but they did not shoot straight. The American sailors had been taught to shoot and at the end of that morning ten Spanish ships had been sunk and four hundred Spaniards killed; not an American ship was hurt and not an American sailor was badly wounded. The people of the United States rubbed their eyes when they heard of this victory. Most of them had never heard of the Philippines before. Few knew that Dewey was there. They had begun the war to free Cuba from Spain and suddenly without warning they had taken from Spain the faraway Philippine Islands, of which they knew nothing. Yet every one was delighted.

## LIEUTENANT HOBSON ALSO SINKS A SHIP

Spain sent battleships at once to Cuba to prevent American soldiers from landing there. American battleships went out to meet them. For a time the two fleets played a game of hide-and-seek, but at last the Spanish fleet was discovered in the harbor of Santiago. The American ships drew in close to the harbor so that the Spanish ships could not get out without a battle, and for a month, there the two fleets lay. Seven young Americans then did a brave and gallant thing, a deed we should long remember. The American admiral decided to sink a ship across the entrance of Santiago harbor so that the Spanish fleet could not pass out. He chose Lieutenant Hobson to plan this dangerous task. Hobson fastened electric torpedoes to the bottom of an old coal ship, the *Merrimac*, and called for men to man her. It seemed certain death to go upon her. Yet hundreds of the sailors asked to go. These brave men implored Hobson to choose them, and were utterly miserable when they were denied. Only six were needed. With these six, on a dark night in June, Hobson sailed the *Merrimac* in to her grave. The Spaniards saw her as she neared the harbor and fired upon her. Her anchors and steering gear were shot away, but her sailors were unhurt. The electric torpedoes then exploded, the *Merrimac* sank in the channel, and the seven brave men clinging to the raft went down with their ship. But to their own delight they and the raft came up again. They clung to the raft all night. In the morning the Spanish Admiral himself came in a launch to take them off. Though he made them prisoners, he greeted them as "most brave." After the war was ended they were all set free.



SOUTHERN PLANTATION HOUSE



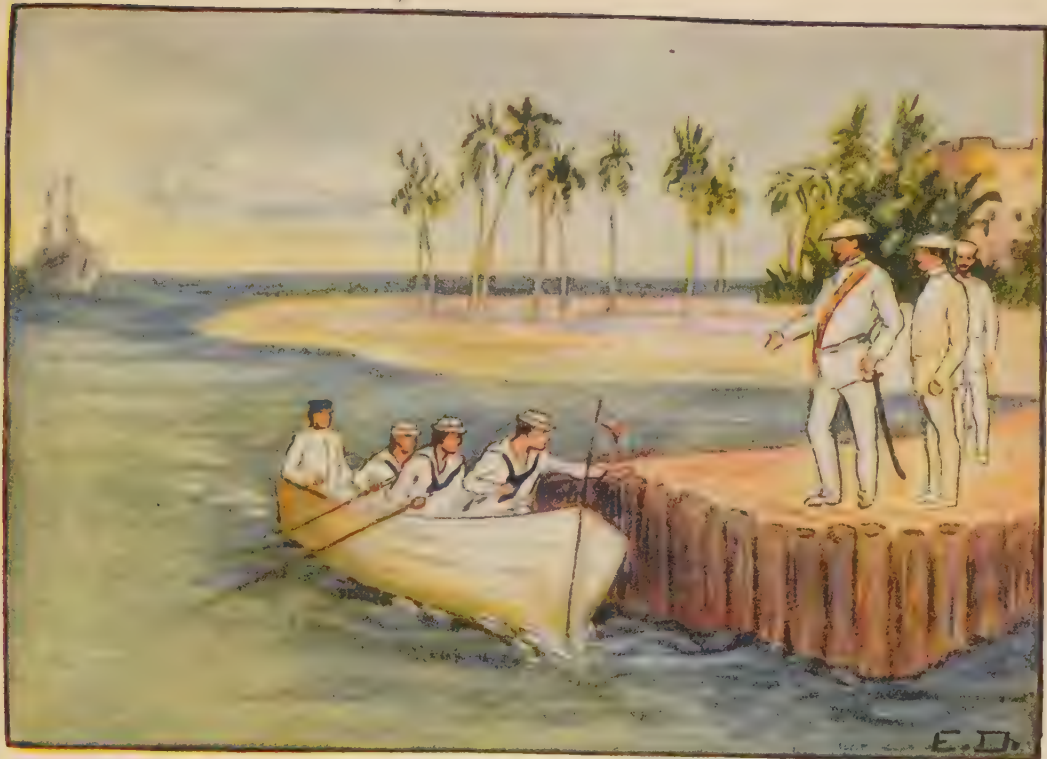
HOUSE IN HAWAIIAN ISLANDS

During this war, one little Spanish island way out in the dim Pacific fell into our hands like a ripe plum. This was the Island of Guam, which lies between America and the Philippines. There were two Spanish forts and two small towns upon it. During the war an American battleship guarding transports full of soldiers on their way to Manila came to the little island. Leaving the transports outside the American battleship plunged boldly into the Spanish harbor. She passed the first fort. No guns were fired at her. She passed the second fort and sent twelve shells whistling over its old walls. No guns were fired in return. Much puzzled the Americans sailed up to the town and cast anchor. What was their surprise to see a little band of Spanish officers gay in gold lace coming down to meet them with bright smiles of welcome. In small boats they left the shore and came aboard the American battleship bowing low. There they began to apologize in their best Spanish style because they had not been able to return our battleship's salute. Poor Spanish officers, far out in the Pacific. They had heard no news of war and thought the American sailors had come on a friendly visit. Of course they were angry when told that they were prisoners of war, as indeed they were. The American captain took down the Spanish flags on the island, ran up the Stars and Stripes, and with the unhappy Spanish soldiers on his ship sailed on to the Philippines. The Island of Guam remains an American, not a Spanish island.

## THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS JOIN THE UNITED STATES—1898

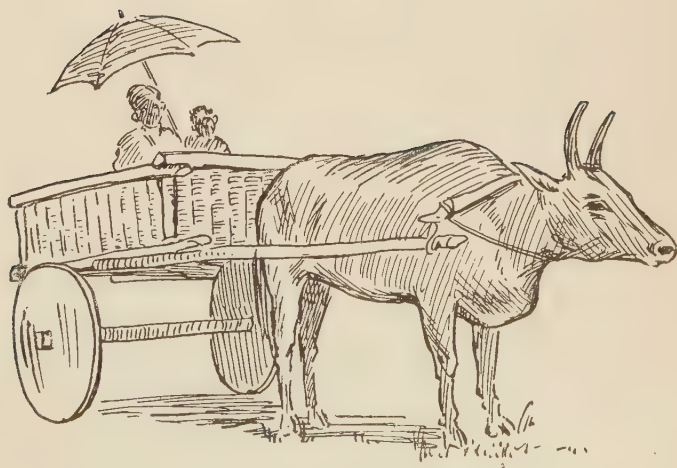
Very near the center of the blue Pacific Ocean there is a group of sunny islands where cocoanuts grow and parrots chatter. They are called the Hawaiian Islands. For hundreds of years they belonged to the gentle, dark-skinned people who lived upon them, and the kings of these people ruled there. About one hundred years ago good men from America sailed to these islands to teach these people the ways of Christ. The Hawaiians had always prayed to images or idols of stone and wood, and sometimes they had killed their fellow-men as an offering to these idols. Yet, strange to say, just before the coming of the white men, they had broken and thrown away these images and were waiting to hear of a new God. They became Christians, and many learned our language. Their kings still ruled them, and they were at peace. Many Americans made their homes upon the islands, planting great fields of sugar-cane, pineapple and banana. At last one of the Hawaiian kings decided that he would see the world and set out to travel round it. To his great surprise the kings and emperors of all the nations of the earth treated him as a brother. Though he was a king only of small islands, still he was a king and therefore of their kind. They heaped honors upon him, gave him medals and dinners, and at last they turned his head. When he reached home again he decided at once to be a real king. He built a castle, organized an army, and spent the money of his people for his own pleasure. When at last he died his people were thoroughly tired of kings. In a short time they said they would have no more, and they became what the United States became after our war with England, a republic. The people of this new republic were very fond of the United States. During our war with Sp in they gave coal to American ships of war and food to American sailors as they stopped on their way to the Philippines. They often asked to be made a part of the United States, and after the war we gladly welcomed them. In this way these islands, two thousand miles from California, have become a part of our nation.











ONE KIND OF TRANSPORTATION IN THE PHILIPPINES

## TEACHING THE FILIPINOS

In spite of Hobson's bold deed, the sunken *Merrimac* did not block the harbor of Santiago. By and by the Spanish fleet slipped out and set off at full speed. Immediately the American ships opened fire so heavily that in a short time every Spanish ship was forced to run ashore. Soon after this the American soldiers defeated the Spaniards in Cuba. Beaten on sea and on land, the Spaniards sued for peace. So ended the power of old and gallant Spain. Her money, her army, her navy were gone, and her proud and unwise people were humbled by the men of that new world she had herself discovered.

After our war with Spain Cuba was free and governed herself, but the islands of Puerto Rico, Guam, and the Philippines became the property of the United States. We paid Spain \$20,000,000 for them. The people of the Philippines were small, brown people, gentle and willing, and glad to be free from Spain, for the Spaniards had treated them harshly. But some of them wished to be free as Cuba was free and for three years fought fiercely against the American soldiers sent to the islands. The people of the United States, however, decided that the Filipinos were as yet too weak and knew too little to be able to take care of themselves properly and so began to teach and train them before letting them try self-government.

The Philippine Islands are very different from any part of our America. They are always very hot and often swept by fierce storms of wind and rain. Bananas, rice, bamboo, grape fruit, and oranges grow there. Monkeys and parrots live in the forests. Instead of horses, slow water buffalo and tiny, shaggy ponies are used. There are no cows. It is so hot that the little children wear no clothes at all. The older children wear bright red and yellow calico. They eat curious things, locusts and big black beetles. Many of them are very poor and often do not have enough of anything to eat except perhaps bananas. Usually a brook runs through a Philippine village, and the people of the village use the brook for many things. They wash their clothes in it, sitting in the water themselves and pounding the clothes, spread on a flat rock, with a smooth piece of wood, instead of soap; they bathe in it, let their pigs wade in it, prepare their fish and chicken for cooking in it, and lead their water buffalo to wallow in its mud. There is nothing more useful than a Philippine brook.

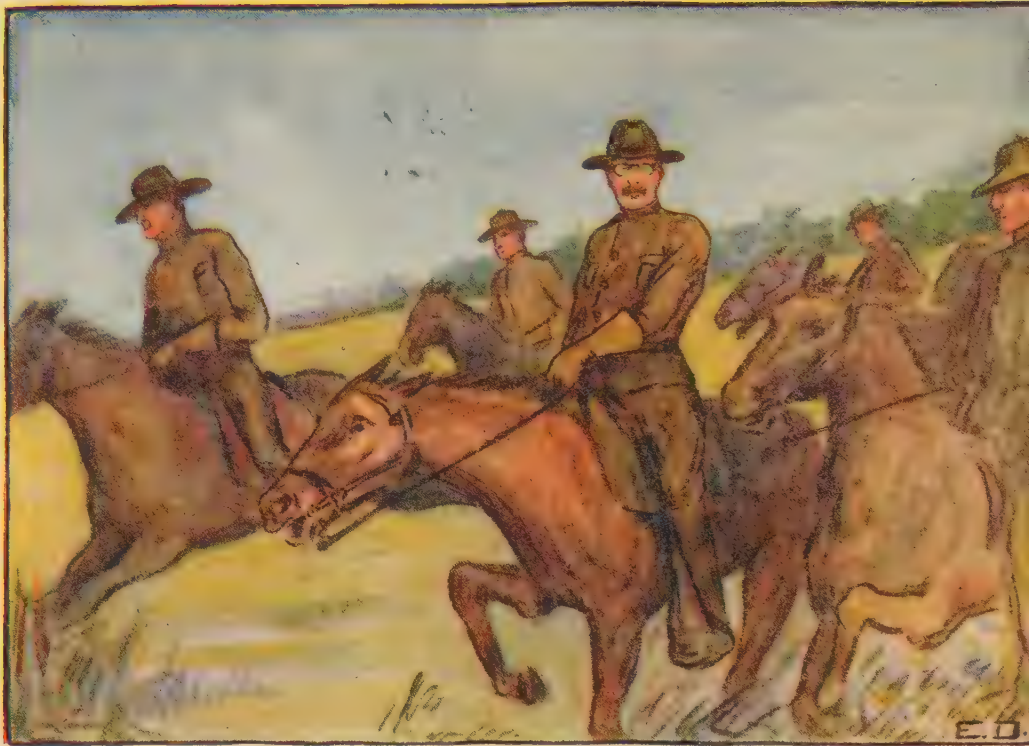
These small brown people are most eager to learn to speak English, and to read and write, so the United States has opened many schools there and many American teachers have crossed the ocean to teach in them. The little Filipinos think these teachers very wonderful. The children bring them presents of grapefruit or bananas or sometimes very old eggs, for the Filipinos are very fond of eggs and think a bad one almost as nice as a fresh one. The schoolhouses are built of bamboo poles and grass mats, with roofs of palm branches or grass. The floors are often of beautiful dark wood which the little brown children polish carefully with banana leaves and which they sit upon for lessons. Sometimes the schools are outdoors. Most of the children love to go to school and study very hard. It is so hot during the day that these children do not care to play, but on the cool, moon-lit nights they pour out from their bamboo houses to run and shout as other children do. Some day they will have learned all that we have to teach them and then perhaps they can be free as we are free and become a separate nation.











## THEODORE ROOSEVELT

When our war with Spain began, a stocky smiling man, who wore big spectacles, brought together a company of horsemen and led them to Cuba; men from offices in cities and men from cattle-ranches, and one hundred American Indians beside. They were brave and quick with a gun and they were called the Rough Riders. The Rough Riders fought well in Cuba and when they came home the people of the United States greeted them with cheers and made a hero of the stocky man in spectacles. This man was Theodore Roosevelt. Later he became President of our United States and a lively President too. Theodore Roosevelt could ride and box and wrestle; he could talk and talk well for hours at a time. He never grew tired and he never showed fear. He made the American people understand that he would have none but honest men run the country for him, and when he found men in office who were not honest he pitched them out and put honest men in their stead. He was interested in everything and afraid of nothing. Now the strange thing about this strong, brave man is the fact that when he was a boy he was neither strong nor brave. He was a thin, awkward boy, so near-sighted that he could not see an owl without his spectacles. He was a timid boy. He was afraid of horses and rough men. But he was wise enough to decide that some day he would be strong and some day he would be brave, and he set himself to work to become so. When he felt afraid of anything, no matter what, he said nothing about it, and behaved as if he were not afraid at all. To his great delight he found that gradually day by day he came not to be afraid at all. To make himself strong, he ate the simplest food and walked and rode no matter how it tired him, until at last he became really tireless. In this way he learned to face a Spanish cannon or an outraged politician with joy in the adventure, and no man can call him coward.

## TWO BROTHERS TEACH THE WORLD TO FLY—1903

Not very long ago two quiet young Americans invented one of the most wonderful things in the world, a flying machine that would fly. These inventors were brothers, Wilbur and Orville Wright. In their shop they made excellent bicycles and in their spare moments worked together over plans for a machine heavier than air that would nevertheless stay up in the air and carry a man besides. They first made a large box kite on wheels called a glider. Then they wrote to the weather man in Washington to know where the winds were strongest and steadiest. He told them at Kitty Hawk Beach behind Kill Devil Hill in North Carolina. So to Kitty Hawk they took their glider, and in it sailed down the wind from the top of Kill Devil Hill. At last they put together a glider, a propeller and a gasoline engine in such a way that the machine would stay up in the air as long as it was kept in motion. They invited men from Kitty Hawk to watch their first flight. Then Wilbur climbed in, Orville pushed off the machine and Wilbur flew 860 feet. For the first time since the world began a man was seen to fly. Yet no one seemed much interested. The Wright brothers for three years, improved their machine until at last they could fly 20 miles in 33 minutes. They invited their friends to see the flights. They often flew near a large city. But they were such quiet men, that no one realized what was going on. At last some newspaper reporters were sent out to see if they really flew. These men, thinking that Wilbur and Orville had been keeping their machine a secret, went cautiously to Kitty Hawk by a roundabout way, hid themselves behind a sand hill and waited. That afternoon the innocent Wrights came out and flew as usual. The reporters' eyes grew wide with surprise. Then they telegraphed to all the world that men could fly, and the two quiet brothers woke up next morning to find themselves forever famous.



## THE STARS AND STRIPES AT THE NORTH POLE—1909

Ever since Columbus discovered America, brave men have been pushing toward the north, at first to find a northern way to China, then to search for the North Pole. Englishmen, Frenchmen, Italians, tried to find it and failed. At last Americans too began to try and a few years ago an American did reach the Pole and set the Stars and Stripes to waving there. This man was Robert Peary. He had tried many times and had learned how to succeed. He built this ship with curved iron sides, which a sea of ice could not crush; he filled this ship with wiry men, food for three years, Eskimos, sledges, and Arctic dogs. Then he steamed through icebergs as far north as his ship could go. The ship stopped 438 miles south of the North Pole. Storms raged, the bitter cold never ceased. When spring came, Peary and his men set out across the ice fields of the Arctic Ocean. They were dressed in furs and wore moccasins and gloves of fur. Their food was hard biscuit and dried meat. Their drink was snow boiled with tea. Their meals were cooked on alcohol stoves. Food, stoves, and alcohol, were piled on sledges drawn by fuzzy dogs. On they pushed for weeks. Their faces froze, their feet and hands froze. To thaw them they put their frozen hands or feet up under the fur coat of another man and held them there until they burned and stung. Eating two meals a day, sleeping six hours a night, they hurried on over ridges of old ice, thin films of young ice, drifts of snow. Now and then Peary sent men back to keep open the back trail. At last Peary, his negro helper Hanson, and four Eskimos, reached the North Pole. There they built a snow hut, flew the Stars and Stripes, and turning started back to the ship. They rushed on in a daze, fifteen, seventeen hours a day, over the rocking ice. In a month they reached safety; then, their work done, and full of thankfulness, they slept and slept, woke, ate, and slept again.

## THE PANAMA CANAL JOINS TWO OCEANS—1915

The United States has dug the biggest ditch in the world, a ditch forty-three miles long and forty feet deep, straight through a hot, wet jungle. This ditch is called the Panama Canal and it joins the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans across that narrow strip of land connecting North America and South America. For four hundred years men dreamed of this great canal. Fifty years ago the French people began it. They worked well and dug twelve miles of it, but the land was hot and unhealthy; terrible sickness came upon them; one man of every three died as he worked; and at last they gave up the task. After our war with Spain our nation decided to build the canal, but before we began digging, we had to do several other things. The country of Panama was wonderfully dirty, it was full of swamps and jungles, and swarmed with flies and mosquitoes, bringing disease. White men could not live there. So first our Americans cleaned up the country. They drained swamps, cut down jungles, washed houses, laid streets, dug sewers, killed off mosquitoes and flies, until Panama became one of the cleanest, healthiest countries in the world. Engineers, boiler-makers, skilled workers then came from the United States; day laborers came from all the countries in the world, and in a short time Americans, Negroes, Spaniards, Greeks, Russians, Bulgarians, Germans were working together to dig the big ditch. Forty-three thousand men all working together, fed with good food sent them in ice-lined ships! Three hundred huge rock drills at work at one time! Sometimes thirty tons of dynamite roared at a single blast; valleys were ripped open, mountains torn down. Giant steam shovels picked up seven tons of broken rock at a bite and threw them into dump cars which whirled them away. Dirt flew in Panama. And now after ten years of labor our canal is finished, and the ships of all the nations slip through from sea to sea.







## THE GREAT WAR 1914-1919

On the first of August, 1914, Europe suddenly burst into a flame of war, to the unspeakable astonishment of the citizens of the United States. This war, the greatest of all time, lasted five years. Forty million men took part in it. Seven million of these were killed in battle, other millions were so badly wounded that they could no longer be of use to themselves or any one else, and several million others, men, women and children died from the effects of the war, either of wounds, starvation, or disease. You would expect a war so ghastly to have had a big and important cause, but when you understand the beginnings of this war you will say that it was all perfectly unnecessary and useless and would never have come about if all the people of Europe had been free to govern themselves as we do, instead of being forced to obey the commands of kings and emperors.

Before this war, the three largest countries of Europe had very powerful Emperors who feared and envied each other and therefore trained large armies to protect themselves and frighten others. The Emperor of Germany, a proud, vain man, was especially active in this and made the German army the best trained and equipped in the world. Germany's neighbors feared the German army, and England, France and Russia formed a friendship or alliance and promised to stand by each other if attacked by Germany. The Emperor of Germany, however, having persuaded Austria and Turkey to become his allies, went on building up a larger army and a larger navy until by the year 1914, all the rulers of Europe were watching him fearfully. But the people of Europe were going peacefully about their business with no thought of war.

Then, in June, 1914, the Crown Prince and Princess of Austria were killed by a man from the little kingdom of Serbia. The Servians hated the Austrians because, not many years before, Austria had seized a part of Serbia. The rulers of Austria declared they would destroy Serbia as punishment for the murder. The Emperor of Germany said: "That is wise. I will not interfere." But the Emperor of Russia, fearing Austria would seize Serbia and so grow more powerful, cried: "No! If Austria attacks Serbia, Russia will attack Austria." This alarmed the German Emperor, who feared lest the countless soldiers of Russia should crush Austria, his ally. He immediately answered: "If Russia fights, Germany fights too."

The governments of England and France were filled with horror. "Can't you see," they cried to the quarreling Emperors, "that if Russia and Germany fight because of this trouble between Austria and Serbia, all Europe will be drawn into the war? Let us get together peacefully and settle the matter in council." Serbia, badly frightened, agreed and said she would do anything Austria asked to make amends for the murder, and Russia also said "Let us talk it over without fighting." But alas, Germany would not agree. If she had, there would have been no war, for Austria was willing to do whatever Germany agreed to. But Germany's rulers, proud of their great army and sure of victory, said that Austria should punish Serbia as she chose. Then, when Russia continued to call out her soldiers to protect Serbia, Germany declared war upon Russia; mobilized her magnificent army; declared war upon France, the ally of Russia; and swiftly marched her troops toward Paris, straight through the peaceful little kingdom of Belgium which the German government had solemnly promised never to enter. At once England, outraged by the German invasion of Belgium, declared war upon Germany, and so, within four days, all Europe was plunged into war, long before the soldiers who formed the armies and the people who formed the nations had any idea what it was all about. As the German army swept across Belgium it crushed the staunch Belgian army, killed women and children and laid waste the beautiful Belgian towns. The brave French rushed to their frontier and the first hundred thousand British dashed across the Channel to their aid. At first the Germans swept the struggling Allies back, back toward Paris. Then the French, under General Joffre, made a desperate stand at the river Marne and held the Germans there. They thought the war nearly won but it went on and on.

## OUR ENTRANCE INTO THE GREAT WAR, 1917

For two years and a half we Americans watched the war from across the Atlantic, sick at heart, hoping daily that it would end. But it was the ruthless use of the submarine by Germany that finally drove the United States to declare war upon her. We had been angered and horrified by the brutal way in which Germany treated her enemies, killing not only the soldiers but the women, children, and babies; we had sent money and food, doctors and nurses to aid her victims; but we had not fought because the quarrel was not of our making. But when German submarines began to destroy the ships and sailors of all countries, whether they were at war or not, the quarrel with her became that of all the civilized world. In May, 1915, a torpedo from a German submarine sank the *Lusitania*, an unarmed English passenger ship. Among the hundreds drowned were more than two hundred Americans, men, women, and children.

In spite of our protest at this outrage, while we were still neutral, Germany sank twenty-two of our ships and her Emperor declared insolently that German submarines would sink whatever ships they chose whenever and wherever they chose. There was nothing left for the United States to do, since the conduct of Germany was a danger to the freedom of the whole world, but to declare war upon Germany. This we solemnly and sadly did on the sixth of April, 1917, and prepared to fight for a lasting peace. Later we declared war also upon Austria, the ally of Germany.

### PREPARING FOR WAR

When we declared war against them the rulers of Germany laughed. "The United States has no army," they said, "how can she turn her careless, free young men into obedient, trained troops fit to cope with us?" But they soon learned that free men rising up in a just cause make very terrifying soldiers. Though we had only 190,000 soldiers when we declared war, in four months we had a million, and in eighteen months a million and a half, chosen by law, drafted from our finest men between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-one, who had all been raised to believe, here in the United States, in the equal rights of all men and who were willing to fight to the death to make the world safe for women and children to live in.

Not only soldiers and sailors were needed but money, ships, guns, food, and clothing. The men throughout the world who had worked to produce these things had gone by millions into battle and were using up, instead of making, wealth. The government of the United States called upon every man, woman, and child to take the place of these men and produce what the world needed. Men flocked by thousands to the shipyards to build the ships in which to send men, food and guns to France; women made guns and projectiles and children raised fruit and vegetables and helped to can them. In no other war have children been put to such genuine use. Thousands of little patriots cultivated war gardens. One little girl in Texas raised, all alone, enough tomatoes to fill eleven hundred cans. Boy Scouts all over the country planted many thousands of acres of waste land with potatoes and corn and harvested thousands of bushels. Girls helped clothe the soldiers by knitting sweaters and socks; boys sold War Stamps and Liberty Bonds and stood guard over bridges and factories. Each child tried to obey the rules of Mr. Hoover, the food controller, and eat less sugar, wheat and meat so that our soldiers would have more; for each understood that the better he did his bit, the more quickly the soldiers of Germany, Austria and Turkey would see the folly of their ways and force their rulers to make peace.



PRESIDENT WILSON



GENERAL PERSHING



MARSHAL FOCH













## OUR ARMY AND NAVY, 1917-1919

It was more than a year after we declared war, before our soldiers were ready to enter the trenches, and Germany, watching our preparations, planned to strike her heaviest blows and end the war before our men were ready. Therefore in April, the Germans and Austrians hurled millions of men against the British and French lines, not caring how many were slaughtered as long as they won their way to Paris. The Allied lines wavered and broke, formed again but were pushed back and back. For a time it looked very much as if the Germans would win the war after all and that the United States had come in too late. But by July second, 1918, we had a million men in France and our General, Pershing, gave them into the hands of the Allied leader, General Foch, to use as he would. They came in time to help the weary French and British in the hardest fighting of the war and brought them new hope of victory.

The first battle in which our troops took part was that of Château Thierry, against the advancing armies of the Crown Prince. And the Americans fought! They went into battle with a whoop and a yell. They dashed "over the top" with a joke on their lips and crossed No-Man's Land with a laugh. They fought day and night with such persistence that the astonished Germans, used to a sensible six hours of fighting and six hours of rest, said the Americans didn't fight fair because they were always at it.

Then the strong German line began to weaken and fall back. At the great battle of St. Mihiel in September the Americans fought splendidly, taking thousands of German prisoners, and in October they won further glory for their country in the Argonne Forest. The great retreat began and the Allies pushed the German Army steadily back and back till the German leaders saw they could not hope to overcome the strength of the nations fighting against them for right and justice.

The part our Navy played in the war was as important as that of our Army, for without our battleships to guard our troopships from enemy submarine attack as they crossed the Atlantic, our soldiers could never have reached the battlefields of France. The Germans boasted that our army could never be of use against them because their submarines would sink every ship we put to sea. But they found that our navy guarded our troopships so skillfully that not one German submarine made a really successful attack upon them. We had been clever enough to invent the submarine that the Germans had copied and we proved clever enough to invent very successful ways of destroying them.

## PEACE — 1919

At last peace came. With half the world in arms against them, and with the fresh young forces of America pouring steadily over the sea, the people of Central Europe began to wonder if the Emperors who had forced them into war were worth following any longer. Our President, Woodrow Wilson, by his speeches and state papers, made it clear to the world that the Allies were fighting only for a just peace, for freedom for all men, and that those enemy countries that sincerely asked for peace should have it. So these wearied people turned upon their rulers and said bitterly, "You have led us into murder, lying, suffering and death. We will have no more of you. We will be our own masters and we will end the war." One by one, Austria, Turkey, Germany, asked for an armistice, and on the 11th of November, 1918, the fighting ceased.

But there were still the terms of peace to be made, no easy matter. The leaders of the Allies, including President Wilson, talked the matter over in Paris for seven long months. The United States asked for nothing from the nations she had helped to conquer. She had given her men and money only for the service of her fellow men. But her Allies asked for money and land, especially from Germany; they were anxious



to be paid for what their enemies had made them suffer. Dozens of new nations sprang up out of the wreck of Russia, Germany and Austria, and clamored for new rights and new boundaries. Look at the map before and after the Great War, and you will see that the struggle split all Europe into bits like a violent explosion, making many new Republics and destroying many Kings. The Emperor of Russia was killed by his own people, the Emperor of Austria, and the Kings of Bulgaria and Greece, were forced to give up their thrones, and Germany turned over night into a Republic, forcing the once proud Emperor to flee to Holland, and begin the humble occupation of sawing wood.

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